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SELECTED TALES.

HEART HISTORIES.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"I say, Grace," said my friend, Kate Richmond, "I like your cousin Nelly right well; she comes wouderfully near angelhood; but then she wants something—I scarcely know what, but *something*. Does she not lack feeling?"

"You're out there, Kate," I replied, "for our Nelly is all *feeling*."

"Ah, that is just what I meant; it is too evident, too much on the surface, too foamy and frothy—there is no still unfathomable deep. Or she has no rich hoard of passionate feeling—it is all in small change."

"Why, Kate," said I, half piqued by her want of penetration, "Nelly is yet a mere child. You surely would not ask for strong, concentrated passion in a girl of seventeen. The woman in her nature is yet a sealed fountain; but she will develope gloriously by and by, mark my words. Her character will yet reveal itself in marvellous strength and beauty, and our eyes shall behold it."

If ever there was one I knew thoroughly, heart, mind and soul, it was my sweet cousin, Ellen Montgomery. She came to us a fairy-like child of ten summers, an orphan. Her father had died while she was a mere infant, and when his widow, after a few darkened years, was about to follow him, she tendely bequeathed her sole earthly treasure to a fond and devoted sister, my own mother, well beloved.

Cousin Nelly found a home, indeed.—She was the pet and idol of the household. Our father indulged her, and our mother seemed to feel for her a peculiar tenderness, yet we young folks were never jealous. We saw her growing up surpassingly beautiful, yet we never envied her.—There was a magnetism in her loveliness which drew our hearts to hers and fastened them there. At no time of my life have I seen a character so freshly, so dewyly natural as hers—one that so turned itself out to the sunlight, was so transparent in its perfect simplicity. She positively could not comprehend the artificial rules of propriety teachers—what she termed the stupid, meaningless laws which oppress modern society. Perhaps it would have been wise in us to have preached to her on the danger of thus remaining as God had made her—to have counselled her to conform to the regulations of fashion. Our weakness in failing to do this may have cost her some heart-aches.

At the time Kate Richmond made the remarks I have noted down, Ellen was the acknowledged belle and beauty of the village. Generous, amiable and lighthearted, she rapidly won the earnest regard of all. And she was a most indefatigable hoarder up of affection; bee-like, she flew from heart to heart, weighing herself down with the sweets of tender and kindly feeling. Yet those who knew her well believed her to possess a rich inner nature, unrevealed even to herself, and that the heart which seemed to open fully to all was yet but a half unclosed flower, capriciously delaying its unfolding and waiting to have its most glowing leaves kissed apart by the angel of love.

It was soon after Ellen was seventeen that the heir of the Grahame property, Mr James Stuart Grahame, (I give his name in full as he always wrote it) burst upon us in sudden glory. He had left our town when a lad, and after graduating at Yale and visiting the land of his fathers, old Scotia, with his mother and sisters, he had now come down to have the grand old mansion made inhabitable as a summer residence. Young, rich, handsome, and haughty, his advent naturally stirred up our village into a state of delightful excitement. It was a May party that he first met with us. He was certainly what romantic young ladies call "interesting" in appearance, besides being

> "Perfect in form and feature,
> And so divinely tall;"

but then he had a cold, condescending way with him—a manner I always feel myself called upon to resent—and one could see at a glance that he was as proud as the fallen "son of the morning." I afterwards found out that like a true Scot, this pride was his distinguished trait and ruling passion; it was within, around him, and emanated from him in all directions.

Nelly was our queen, and never shall I forget the startling impression which her first appearance, in all her grace, gaiety and blooming beauty, made upon Grahame. He gazed awhile with eyes dilated and lips apart, and then pressed eagerly forward for a presentation. It did my heart good to see the imperious, travelled aristocrat kneeling humbly, blushing like a very schoolboy, and timidly kissing the rose-tipped fingers of our laughing little Nell. But my triumph gave place to a slight feeling of apprehension, as I remarked the eyes of Her Majesty, *pro tem.* fixed with evident interest on the glowing face of her courtier-like admirer. I saw it was all over with him—that he could do nothing less than to haul down colors and surrender to Commodore Cupid; but I did not wish the heart of our brave Nelly to prove so easy a conquest. But what availed my wishes! All budding May and leafy June was Greenwood cottage honored by the frequent presence of Grahame the admirer, Grahame the friend, Grahame the lover, Grahame the adorer, and Grahame the affianced of our darling Cousin Ellen!

The bridegroom elect was boyishly proud of his betrothed, and seemed to exult in having won the beauty of M———. To others he was as imperious and fastidious as ever, but deferential and fondly attentive to Ellen. And she, how gloriously, the woman awoke within her! How she trusted in him—how she cared for him—how proud she was of him—how she doated on treasuring up his lightest words. How she poured her very soul out in grateful worship. Yet she loved him familiarly; she sang, and danced, and laughed, and jested with him till her own beautiful and joyous existence seemed so intertwined with his that they could not be separated.

At last, with much "pomp and circumstance," the female part of the family of Grahame came to M———. Ellen and I were among the first to call. We found the mother a stiff, formal Scotch woman, and the two daughters exceedingly plain and exceedingly disagreeable. What was pride and haughtiness in the brother was superciliousness and insolent arrogance in them. As they knew of the engagement, I was indignant at the airs they assumed toward Ellen. Dear girl! it was the first time I had ever seen her painfully embarrassed. The very atmosphere seemed to oppress her. Yet she rattled on, and said many charming things, and some, it must be confessed, more distinguished for *naivette* than wisdom. She even, when James was mentioned began warmly praising him out of the fulness of her innocent little heart. But the old mother looked solemn, Miss Euphenia prudish, and Miss Margaret gigled.

On our way home I hinted to Nelly that it were best for her not to seek to win the regard of the lofty Scotch dames, but to give them a sufficiency of coldness and formality, and *queen it* in her turn. But no; she had such a holy faith in love; she would subdue them with kindness; she would wind herself into their hearts, and they *must* love her yet. I then suggested that she should endeavor to conceal her partiality for Grahame in the presence of his mother and sisters. I might as well have counselled a wild rose to hide her blushes. It would out. It revealed itself in a thousand ways, and on no occasion did the sisters of Grahame fail to notice it and call the attention of others, till James was evidently annoyed by those very demonstrations of preference which once thrilled his heart with proud pleasure.

Finally, Ellen was honored with an invitation to spend a week at "Grahame Place." She returned before the visit was completed, sad and ill. I questioned her, and she said she had never so felt that she was an ignorant country girl; that she found she could not sing and play Italian like Miss Euphemia, nor speak French and paint in oils like Miss Margaret.—"And then," said she, while her face grew crimson, I was dressed as plain."

"But surely," I remarked, "their manner did not make you feel this? Were they not kind and affable?"

"No; cold and neglectful?"

"But James—how was he?"

She threw herself on my breast with a gush of tears, and murmured—"He was like the others."

At last she told of many things he had said and done which had cruelly grieved her heart. One circumstance I now recollect. On the morning of the day of her return, an excursion on horseback was planned, and Grahame collected a considerable party.

While showing off the paces of his horse, a fine-blooded animal, the vicious creature suddenly threw him. Grahame was but slightly hurt, but dreading the laughter of his friends, lay for a moment as though insensible. Ellen, half-frenzied, sprang from her palfrey, raised his head on her knee, chafed his temples and called upon him wildly and tenderly. He opened his eyes, poured upon her a look of angry pride, flung her hands rudely from him, and exclaimed in a harsh under tone—"Good God! Miss Montgomery, do not render yourself and *me* ridiculous!"

In the afternoon Ellen pleaded illness and came home.

Three days of terrible suspense passed before she saw the face of her betrothed husband. At last he came, and all in a tremor of fearfulness and love, she received him. In a short time I saw him pass down the avenue, but for more than an hour Ellen remained alone where he had left her.

When she gave me leave to enter, I found her extended on the sofa, her face hid with her hands, and the long golden curls which had fallen over it, her breast heaving and her neck quivering with quick convulsive sobs. She could tell me nothing; her anguish was too intense for words; all night long she wept and moaned within my arms, and her hot tears seemed burning into my heart. Just at dawn she fell asleep, and remained in tranquil slumber for some hours. When she awoke and found me watching beside her, she turned her sorrowful eyes upon me, and said meekly—"How good of you to show such kindness to a poor, humiliated, forsaken girl."

"*Forsaken!*" I exclaimed. "Has James Grahame *dared* to forsake you?"

"He said we had better part—that he was convinced we were not suited for one another, and he has left me forever."

"And thank God for it!" I cried, "my dove, my lamb, my rosebud, my everything that is good and gentle and loveable! Grahame was never worthy of you—he never truly loved you. You never reigned over his narrow, little soul. Pride *only, like a moaning devil,* ruled there.—If he thought less of you for being portionless, let him now see with how *rich* a scorn you can look down on one poor in heart and poor in honor. Learn to despise and detest him as the embodiment of faithlessness and refined cruelty. Let him shrivel beneath the scorching contempt of a proud and injured woman!"

She looked up mournfully for a moment and only replied—"*I love him!*"

Such brief and child-like answers were all she ever returned to my appeals to her pride and attempts to rouse her resentful feeling. She said her heart was so sore, so crushed and trodden to the earth, that she could never be proud again. For the sake of the blissful past, she mourned her lover as one dead, tenderly and forgivingly.

I despair of having my heroine admired by young ladies of spirit. She was, indeed, no tragedy queen—she was but a meek, loving, constant, childlike woman.

All through the winter our beloved Ellen drooped daily, and spring found her but a mere shadow of her former self.—Then came a new era in her existence.—An uncle of her father, a Bostonian of wealth and family, having married off his last daughter, wrote to his "little unknown neice," entreating her to accept a home with him, and thus "make glad the house and heart of a lonely old man."

She went, and two years passed before we saw her face again. She then came to spend the summer with us—the same and yet how changed.

Ah, she was a magnificent creature in her full, ripened loveliness, with the patrician carriage of her exquisitely moulded head, the serene dignity which looked from her eye, and the winning softness which waited on every curl and curve of her delicate lips! She had none of her former restless thoughtfulness; the very spirit of *repose* seemed pervading her entire character. She said little, and her voice was low and deliciously intonated.—She laughed in a quiet, musical, lady-like manner, and it even seemed that she smiled leisurely and with thought.

In her absence she had been the idol of her city relatives and the followed and worshipped of a large circle of intellect and fashion, and now the accomplished, self-possessed woman met again the lover of her early girlhood.

Since his heartless desertion of Ellen, he had buried his mother and married his sisters, and now dwelt in solitary grandeur in the old homestead. I witnessed the meeting. He happened in at an evening party, evidently not dreaming of such an encounter till the hostess electrified him by an introduction to his *ci-devant* lady-love. He turned deathly pale, and actually shook with agitation; but Ellen never lost her quietness for a moment, her eye never quailed, and the hand which she extended while remarking carelessly that they were old friends, never trembled.

All present must have seen that he was deeply struck and instantly subdued by the rare combination of natural and artificial fascinations which she presented. He hovered round and gazed upon her in a silent stupor of admiration. She was dressed superbly that night. A profusion of rich lace and pearls, harmonizing charmingly with her style, contributed not a little to her dazzling beauty.

I could cover pages in telling how from that time, gradually and timidly, like a school-boy who has played truant, the haughty Grahame stole back to his allegiance; how Ellen, tho' she did not positively encourage, *did not frown on* him, till it was evident that he loved with all his soul, and for once with all his *pride*. He had *fancied* our little Nell as a pretty plaything, but he now *adored* the elegant, perfectly developed woman as a goddess.—He was her most devoted, her knight, her slave, here, there and everywhere at her bidding, till I grew indignant at her not rejecting his homage, at her permitting his presence—for I would sooner have seen her wedded to a wild Seminole than the courtly wife of the master of thousands. At last with the freedom of other days I entreated her to relieve my suspense. She answered by placing in my hand a letter, to which she had just replied. It was from Grahame. I began reading it with a sneer, but as I read on I was thrilled, amazed and spell-bound by an elegant outpouring of strong and intense feeling. It clearly revealed that under the influence of real passion, the writer had found his better nature—*had expanded into a man.* He seemed to have lost his pride in his love, and while daring to offer the fervent devotion of his future life, to be filled with humiliation and contrition for the past. He threw himself on her mercy, dwelt on the remorse which had pursued him since their parting, alluded to *the interference of his family*, acknowledged that he had first loved her beauty merely, not knowing her worth, yet called heaven to witness that he had since known no other love, and closed with an appeal to her womanly sympathies, so tender, wild and passionate, that I dared not dream it had been in vain.

"How did you answer?" I asked.

"*I rejected him.*"

"Thank Heaven! But why?"

She quietly placed in my hand a miniature, saying—"*This* is the only man I will ever wed."

I gazed from the picture to her in amazement. The face was new to me and by no means a handsome one. And yet, as I looked with earnest attention, I grew to liking it exceedingly. It was one of those faces which one might fancy possessed an inner set of features, of surpassing beauty, *shining through.* A something fascinating and endearing appeared to emenate from it; the brow wore the stamp of nobility and the eye was alive with intellect.

"Why, Nell," I exclaimed, "who *can* this be?"

"Mr Frederick Aymes of Boston, a poor artist and *protege* of my uncle, and soon to be my affianced husband.

"Ah, why is he not now?"

"I wished to remain free till I had consulted my early friends, as I told him—until I had again met James Grahame, my first love, as I told *myself.*"

"Oh, ho, the mystery is out! You were weighing love against love, and the first was found wanting, eh?"

"Yes," she replied with an emphasis so hearty as to leave no room to doubt; "and I shall write to Fred to-morrow and send him the face he loves, on ivory; he painted it a whole year ago."

When I awoke next morning, a delightful one in June, Nelly had risen, and was writing by the window. She wore a morning dress, white as new fallen snow—one sleeve unfostened a the wrist, displayed her round arm to the dimpled elbow; her hair was tossed carelessly back from her brow, and lightly into at crimson cushion sunk her little unslippered feet.—I knew by the dewyness of her eye and the deepened glow of her cheek and lips, to whom she was writing. And then, with the beautiful impulse of a loving heart, she had gathered some half opened roses from the bush which clambered to our window, placed one in her bosom and laid a handful on the desk by her side.

One week from this time Ellen Montgomery received two letters: one was from James Stuart Grahame, bearing his adieus—he was about revisiting Europe—and the other from Frederick Aymes, announcing his speedy coming. The first Nelly hurried through and laid aside with a sigh of pity, but the second she read and re-read with tears and smiles, kissed, and literally "laid to heart."

In order to give my readers a glimpse into Frederick's character, I will quote some passages from his letter. In alluding to the miniature she sent, he said—"Heaven and all its good angels bless you for this faint shadow of yourself! I gazed on it long and fondly, but dared not press it to my lips. Was it not strange, dear love? You know I painted it before you took a fancy to your humble servant, and it seemed to wear a cold, calm, stranger look. But by-and-by a soft love-light seemed to quiver from the pictured eyes and live around the mouth, and then—and then! I have placed it now where every throb of my heart kisses it! Pardon if I write wildly; I am intoxicated with happiness and dizzy with 'love's divine excess.' Am I not thine, and art thou not mine, my pride, my princess, my Peri—ay and my paradise! Ah! how faintly and coldly my pen translates my heart! Gladly would I search through all the languages of the East for endearing words, for rare sweet names, all glowing with life and perfumed with the breath of love!—And yet Ellen, *my own Ellen* were sweeter, dearer, more deliciously musical than them all. That name! I have grown it in flowers in the garden of my heart; it is traced on my memory in lines of rosy light—it sounds through the chambers of my soul like the voice of an angel."

* * * * *

"Did you not say, Ellen," asked I, when she had read me the letter from which the above is extracted, "that Mr Aymes was poor?"

"Yes, she replied, he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No—and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Nell, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter, I shall see the more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"Oh, Fred admires simplicity."

"But you cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house and furnish it plainly."

"Yes; but coz, elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floor with cheap, thin carpets."

"Ah, then I shall hear *his* step the sooner."

I caught her hand, kissed it reverently, and pressed it to her heart.

A Thanksgiving Story.

The cold November wind moaned drearily around Farmer Brown's large old-fashioned house, and the thickening snow flakes filled the air and were fast covering the brown earth with a white mantle.—The large barns, the granary and all the various buildings belonging to a snug establishment were in prim order for winter. Now let us take a peep inside.

The windows send out a cheerful light on the dreary prospect, and as we enter we hear the sound of merry voices and loud peals of laughter. It is Thanksgiving evening, and the family are at supper. Around that table groaning under the weight of good things, are seated the gray-haired old man, and his thrifty help mate; near him, are their children, five married daughters and three married sons, and the youngest daughter unmarried, the pet and plaything of old and young was this Aunt Mary, she is just twenty and sweet as a rose-bud; scattered around by their respective parents are little children with their faces full of health and smiles, looking as Dickens says like ripe pippins.

It is a happy meeting, this annual gathering at the old homestead, and tho' a shade of sadness sometimes flits across the face of the young mother as she thinks of the little one in the grave yard who was one of the brightest there a year before, she remembers there is to be a great family meeting hereafter, where all the lost ones will be found.

But supper is over, the table cleared away, and now for a frolic in the large kitchen; the boys may make as much noise as they please there, a blessed privilege at all times, but especially at Thanksgiving. All the games were gone thro' one by one, and merriest of all in that noisy group is little aunt Mary, she must play too, or all the fun is spoilt, so all the little ones say; now she is blind-folded, and again she is dodging a clumsy nephew as large as herself who is resolved on catching her.

Presently a rap is heard at the door, and as it was opened an old negro enquired the way to the village; the young folks had been wishing somebody could play the violin for them, so they could have a dance; accordingly after short whispered consultatin one of the older boys found out he guessed he could scrape out a few old tunes. So he was duly installed in the chimney corner, and after some refreshment being provided by thoughtful Grandma, the old fiddle was brought from its long resting place. On hearing the preliminary scrapings to a dance the older portion of the company repaired to the kitchen, without the least intention of dancing as they declared, but this fiddle did bring old times about so that they could not keep their feet still, so the music and the dancing and the chattering went merrily. The old folks looked on and talked lovingingly of the times when they were young; the old negro played his part finely, and though not gifted with the genius of Ole Bull, his audience were perfectly satisfied.

Presently, during a pause, the musician after one or two scrapes began playing Blue Eye'd Mary slowly and plaintively, whereupon little Aunt Mary turned pale and tears filled her eyes, but the rest were too busy to notice her agitation; as the noise of the children grew louder, and the older ones had gone back to the front room so they could hear themselves think, Mary stealthily crept up towards the corner where darkey sat; his form was bent, and the gray hairs frizzled out from under a slouching cap which nearly covered his face as well as his head; still he played on, and as Mary stood there, her hands clasped, and her soul in her sorrowful face the old man raised his head, and in a low voice which thrilled through that sweet girl's heart, he uttered her name; she stirred not or spoke, but seemed rooted there in surprise. Mary, don't you know me, said he, and she was clasped to the bosom of her long lost lover; whereupon the little ones seeing their aunt in the arms of the fiddler began screaming, and their parents came running out to see what was the matter. It is Robert Murray, father, said Mary, disengaging herself and blushing to the temples, it is Robert come home again; the old man slowly lowered his cane, and the young man threw off his fixins, and stood before them a well dressed handsome young man; of course all were in amaze and the exclamations of the older and the titterings of the younger ones were very abundant.

As soon as Robert could get a chance, he explained himself—told how he and Mary had loved each other and she had coquetted, and he ran off in a passion and went to sea, how she had written a letter which after much travelling found him, telling him she was sorry and imploring him to come back, and he had come after a three years' absence, and risked his neck to be there on Thanksgiving evening; how he had played that song because he used to call her his blue eye'd Mary and had taken this way to find out whether she was still faithful, now he had come home to carry on the farm his father had left him, and he wanted Mary to help him if Farmer Brown would give his consent, which consent was not withheld, as Bob was a great favorite in his younger days, and his father-in-law (that was to be) had always prophesied he would turn out something smart yet, which came to pass, for there is not a finer farm or a happier family in the country than Mr Robert Murray's. There is now a gathering every year at the old home, and though the descendants number about fifty, the old folks make room for all, and if there is one day in the year, more longed for than any other it is Thanksgiving, and those who know say that Mary Murray is as handsome as Mary Brown was at the same age and they hope she will find as good a husband.—*Spring field Gaz.*

Children of the Rich and Poor.

The children of the poor man, are far happier than those of the rich—especially their infantile years. The children of the poor man are taught to love, while those of the rich man learn to hate; and, even in later years: the principles are so fully developed as to be easily discovered. How plainly they are seen in the associations of marriage! The children of the rich seldom marry from love, or seek to imbibe any affection for those they wed, while those of the poor seldom—very seldom, wed from selfish motives. Were we to draw a line between the two classes, we should find a large balance of happiness on the side of the poor, and while we are eagerly pursuing riches, we are, at the same time, confident that the possession of wealth will diminish, instead of increasing our happiness. Those who bequeath to their children wealth, bequeath with it, in nine cases out of ten, misery.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Dec. 17, 1846.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—This State paper is too voluminous to give it a place in our columns; and we have only space to notice briefly one of the subject matters upon which it treats. After the usual congratulating exordiums, it gives a full, clear exposition of our affairs with Mexico—the reason of the war, and the probability of Peace. It shows in clear light the strongest points in favor of the course of our Government in carrying the War into Mexican territory. It shows that our Government has been of "long forbearance"—that it has submitted to outrages and insults from Mexico, which no other civilized nations on the face of the earth would have done as an offering to the principles of Peace. It presents a long series of outrages upon our Flag—of abuses and indignities upon our citizens. In our relations with Mexico it exhibits a calendar of infidelity and perfidy, only equalled by Mexican treachery, to the sanctity of their treaties; in a word, it shows a catalogue of wrongs committed upon our Government, that should unshield the sword of revenge, and cause the most peaceful government to avenge itself, clearly vindicating the course of our government in its determination to "Conquer Peace." The President gives as a reason that our government has so long borne the indignities as befitting a powerful magnanimous Republic towards a weaker contiguous sister Republic.

We hope all of our readers will read the message, as it will be in their reach, notwithstanding our inability to publish the same in our journal.

THE ALBANY HERALD.—It is seldom we advert to the course of political journals. An article in the Herald of Saturday, exclusively devoted to the condemnation of the President's Message, because it says,—

'The President has not even honored Gen. Taylor by giving his name a place in his message," and gives as a reason that the President is jealous of the superior reputation of the General. We merely mention the circumstance to show the ignorance of some political editors who presume to attempt to enlighten their readers upon political subjects. The truth in this case is, that President Polk, in his Message, made honorable mention of Gen. Taylor, by name, more than once, besides devoting nearly a column to the faithful and skillful performance of his duties, as Commander of our Army on the Rio Grande, showing exclusively that the Herald knew nothing of the contents of the Message, notwithstanding it had devoted several columns of condemnatory animadversions upon it. This is only an instance of the perversity of political editors in treating upon the acts of their opponents.

THE CHURCH AGAIN.—At a meeting of the Stockholders and Building Committee, for the erection of a Church in this Village, last Monday evening, the necessary stock to meet the probable accepted proposal was taken up. The Committee will now proceed to an execution of the power rested in them, and we shall in, reasonable time have the pleasure of congratulating our readers upon the erection, in our Village, of one of the most splendid Church Edifices in Hampden County.

The great Webster Dinner Tickets at Philadelphia were $5,00. The National Intelligencer says the table was loaded with the richest of viands and *costly wines*. Of course it was not on *temperance principles*. Webster, Ashmun and Winthrop from Massachusetts were there.

We received no invitation.

We have not room for the President's Message entire, so we make the following extracts:

After congratulating the House and Senate on the prosperity and happiness of the country, the President says:—

It is a source of high satisfaction to know that the relations of the United States of all other nations, with a single exception, are of the most amicable character. Sincerely attached to the policy of peace, early adopted and steadily pursued by the Government, I have anxiously desired to cultivate and cherish friendship and commerce with every foreign power. The spirit and habits of the American people are favorable to the maintenance of such international harmony.—In adhering to this wise policy, a preliminary and paramount duty obviously consists in the protection of our national interests from encroachment or sacrifice, and our national honor from reproach.—These must be maintained at any hazard. They admit of no compromise or neglect, and must be scrupulously and constantly guarded. In their vigilant vindication, collision and conflict with foreign powers may sometimes become unavoidable. Such has been our scrupulous adherence to the dictates of justice, in all our foreign intercourse, that, though steadily and rapidly advancing in prosperity and power, we have given no just cause of complaint to any nation, and have enjoyed the blessings of peace for more than thirty years. From a policy so sacred to humanity, and so salutary in its effects upon our political system, we should never be induced voluntarily to depart.

The existing war with Mexico was neither desired nor provoked by the United States. On the contrary, all honorable means were resorted to, to avert it.—After years of endurance of aggravated and unredressed wrongs on our part, Mexico, in violation of solemn treaty stipulations, and of every principle of justice recognized by civilized nations, commenced hostilities; and thus, by her own act, forced the war upon us. Long before the advance of our army to the left bank of the Rio Grande, we had ample cause of war against Mexico; and had the United States resorted to this extremity, we might have appealed to the whole civilized world for the justice of our cause.

I deem it to be my duty to present to you, on the present occasion, a condensed review of the injuries we had sustained, of the causes which led to the war, and of its progress since its commencement. This is rendered the more necessary because of the misapprehensions which have to some extent prevailed as to its origin and true character. The war has been represented as unjust and unnecessary, and as one of aggression on our part, upon a weak and injured enemy. Such erroneous views, though entertained by but few, have been widely and extensively circulated not only at home, but have been spread throughout Mexico and the whole world. A more effectual means could not have been devised to encourage the enemy and protract the war than to advocate and adhere to their cause, and thus give them "aid and comfort."

* * * * *

He speaks of the treaty concluded between the United States and Texas for the annexation of Texas, and of the efforts made by him to avoid the war.

Santa Anna was then in exile, in Havana, having been expelled from power and banished from his country, a revolution which occurred in December '44; but it was known that he had still a considerable party in Mexico. It was also equally well known that no vigilance which could be exerted by our squadron, would, in all probability, have prevented him from effecting a landing somewhere on the extensive Gulf coast of Mexico, if he desired to return to his country. As had only professed an entire change of policy; and expressed his regret that he had subverted the Constitution of 1824, and avowed that he was now in favor of its restoration.—He had publicly declared his hostility, in the strongest terms, to the establishment of a monarchy, and to European interference in the affairs of his country.

Information to this effect, had been received from sources believed to be reliable, at the date of the reognition of the existence of the war by Congress, and was afterward fully confirmed by the receipt of the dispatch of our Consul in the city of Mexico, with the accompanying documents which are herewith transmitted.—Besides, it was reasonable to suppose that he must see the ruinous consequences to Mexico of a war with the United States, and that it would be his interest to favor peace.

It was under these circumstances and upon these considerations that it was deemed expedient not to obstruct his return to Mexico, should he attempt to do so. Our object was the restoration of peace; and with that view, no reason was perceived why we should not take part with Paredes, and aid him, by means of our blockade in preventing the return of his rival to Mexico.

* * * * *

While the war was in a course of vigorous and successful prosecution, being still anxious to arrest its evils, and considering that, after the brilliant victories of our arms on the 8th and 9th of May last, the national honor could not be compromitted by it, another overture was made to Mexico, by my direction, on the 27th of July last to terminate hostilities a peace just and honorable to both countries. On the 31st of August following, the Mexican Government declined to accept this friendly overture, but referred it to the decision of a Mexican Congress, to be assembled in the early part of the present month.

The war will continue to be prosecuted with vigor, as the best means of securing peace. It is hoped that the decision of the Mexican Congress, to which our last overture has been referred, may result in a speedy and honorable peace. With our experience, however, of the unreasonable course of the Mexican authorities, it is the part of wisdom not to relax in the energy of our military operations until the result is made known. In this view it is deemed important to hold military possession of all the provinces which have been taken, until a definite treaty of peace shall have been concluded and ratified by the two countries.

The war has not been waged with a view to conquest; but having been commenced by Mexico, it has been carried into the enemy's country, and will be vigorously prosecuted there, with a view to obtain an honorable peace, and thereby secure ample indemnity for the expenses of the war, as well as to our much injured citizens, who hold large pecuniary demands against Mexico.

By the law of nations a conquered territory is subject to be governed by the conqueror during his military possession, and until there is either a treaty of peace, or he shall voluntarily withdraw from it. The old civil Government being necessarily supereceded it is the right and duty of the conqueror to secure his conquest, and to provide for the maintenance of civil orders and the rights of the inhabitants.—This right has been exercised, and this duty performed, by our military and naval commanders, by the establishment of temporary Governments in some of the conquered provinces in Mexico, assimilating them as far as practicable to the free institutions of our own country.

* * * * *

The receipts into the Treasury for the year ending June 13, last was: $29,199,247,06.

The expenditures for the the period were:— $28,031,114,20.

The balance in the Treasury July 1st, was:— $9,126,439,08.

He thinks the revenue of the new tariff will exceed that of the old one, and suggests to the consideration of Congress the propriety of imposing duties on some articles now embraced in the free list, as a war measure.

He concludes with the following paragraph:—

With full reliance upon the wisdom and patriotism of your deliberations, it will be my duty, as it will be my anxious desire, to cooperate with you in every constitutional effort to promote the welfare and maintain the honor of our common country. JAMES K. POLK.

We can vouch to the truth of the following, which we clip from the Northampton Democrat. It is headed

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

Moon is bright,
Snow to-night,
Full of glee are we.
Prancing steeds,
Daring deeds,
Come O Come with me.
Laughing girls and gallant beaux
Very well together go;
Quick as light
In its flight,
O'er the plains we flee.
O'er the snow
Here we go,
Bounding merrily.

Right about,
Now we're out—
In the snow so deep.
Do not like
Such a fright—
Home again we'll creep.
Feet all wet and noses cold,
Now we fret and now we scold;
See it rain,
Home again,
Here we'll ever keep.
Never more
Catch this child to spree 't.

SLEIGHING.—We were visited on Thursday evening last with a snow storm sufficient to render the highways passable for sleighs, and the cold weather which succeeded and continues, is like to render it somewhat permanent. We hope it will be improved by the lively and gay, as there is no season better calculated to test the cohesive attraction of affection among lasses than a cold December, and on the occasion of a sleigh-ride in a star-lit, moonless night.

VOLUNTEERS.—Several companies have volunteered in Boston for the Mexican War. One under Edward Webster, Esq. son of Daniel Webster, another under Col. Isaac H. Wright, recently Navy Ag't at Boston. Honor to the brave hearts of the Massachusetts Volunteers.

The answer to the Enigma in our last is Intemperance. Correctly answered by D. S., W. R. P., and G. M. S., Palmer Depot; Mrs. L. H. Palmer.

Condensed for the Northampton Democrat,

Congressional Proceedings.

MONDAY, Dec. 7.

In the Senate,

For an hour before 12, the "How de do's" and "ha ha's" of the grave and reverend fathers of the Senate, kept up a merry chorus. "Ah! how de do? how de do?"—"Well, how's the old North State?" "Ah! hoo! hoo! h-o-o!" How's the Rackensack?" "How's Ohio?"

At a quarter past 12 (without prayers, there being no chaplain) the Vice President called the Senate to order. 41 Senators present, who were thus named and described by the correspondent of the N. Y. Herald:

Mr. Allen, tall and straight as Old Hickory.
Archer, just as tall, but slightly slimmer.
Atchison, pretty much of the same sort.
Atherton, about half the altitude.
Barrow, a solid, substantial planter.
Benton, "I am Sir Oracle."
Bagby, who has the reverend appearance of a priest.
Breese, who looks like him not in the least.
Calhoun, the eagle-eyed.
Cameron, the restorationist of '42.
Cass, a heavy edition of Ben Franklin.
Chalmers, a little package neatly done up.
Cilley, weather-worn like an old sailor.
T. Clayton, the silent man.
Colquitt, the exhorter.
Corwin, the dark-skinned wagoner.
Crittenden, the blade with two edgos.
Davis, the man of the last word.
Dickinson, the antagonist of Webster. Ready for another fight.
Dix, no man's adversary; but equal to the best.
Evans, with his figures glaring in his eye.
Fairfield, a little of a dyspeptic we fear.
Huntington, decidedly stolid.
Jarnagin, looking pretty well recuperated.
Johnson of La., a very good natured man.
Johnson of Md., short and rugged and quick.
Lewis, the powerful and the ponderous, 540.
Mangum, the superb.
Miller, a quiet, little, black-eyed personage.
Pearce, a hearty specimen of a good conscience.
Pennybacker, solemn as a copy of Blackstone.
Phelps, taking a little more black snuff.
Semple, reading over Gilpin's report on Oregon.
Sevier, laughing and growing fat, as usual.
Speight, with an eye to business.
Sturgeon, fixed as if for a nap.
Turney, looking curiously around, as if something was wrong.
Upham, satisfied, no matter how it goes.
Webster, looming out like a thunder cloud.
Westcott, eyeing the Vice President, as if to say it wont do, Mr. Dallas.
Woodbridge, a clear-headed, inoffensive, elderly gentleman.
Yulee, pleasant as the sunshine.

And there comes Mr. Ashley, our elegant man, with a silvery full suit of hair.

Add to those the Vice President, with his snowy pow, and take them all together, you have a body of men indicative of intellect, hard labor, severe study and sturdy patriotism.

Each Senator was allowed newspapers equal to the cost of three daily papers.

A committee was appointed, who waited upon the President and reported that he would communicate with both Houses by Message to-morrow at 12 o'clock.

In the House,

The Speaker called to order at 12 o'clock, 182 members present. The following new members were qualified:—Hale, of Mass.; Ripley, of N. Y.; McDaniel, of Missouri; and Cottrel and Bowen of Ala.

TUESDAY, Dec. 8.

In the Senate,

The message was read, occupying two hours and ten minutes. 5000 copies ordered printed.

In the House.

After reading of the Message, a bill was introduced to increase the pay of the privates of the army and of the volunteers, engaged in the Mexican war.

Notices of intention to present bills—among them one to reduce the price of the Public Lands—were given by members.

15,000 copies of the Message with accompanying documents, were ordered printed.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 9.

In the Senate,

The Secretary of the Treasury's report was presented and 5000 extra copies ordered printed.

Mr. Cameron of Pa., offered a resolution instructing the Military Committee to inquire into the propriety of granting 160 acres of land to the volunteers serving in the present war, and also increasing their pay.

In the House,

Mr. Davis' resolution calling on the President for copies of all orders to generals or commanders relative to the establishment of civil governments in territories conquered during the war was discussed.—Mr. Douglass of Ill., invited a full investigation of the conduct of the Executive.—If Mr. D.—if the opposition contemplated *impeachment*, they would have full latitude. The President's conduct was open to the inspection of the world. In ordering the establishment of temporary governments in conquered territories, he had only performed the solemn duty required of him by his oath of office and the law of nations.

THURSDAY, Dec. 10.

In the Senate,

The resolution ordering inquiry into the expediency of granting 160 acres of land to the volunteers, increasing pay, &c. was adopted.

In the House,

Mr. Davis' resolution was further discussed.

Both Houses adjourned to Monday.

There was great excitement at Petersham on Friday last, in consequence of an attempt made to remove the bell of the Universalist church. The bell was attached by Sheriff Clifford some time since, to pay the minister's fees, and sold on execution, and the excitement was caused by the purchaser's attempting to take possession and carry it away. It appears that the purchaser went to the church and unhung the bell, but could get no assistance in taking it down, and was obliged to come to Barre for help. When he returned, the church was locked and the keeper refused to deliver the key, whereupon a man climbed the lightning rod, and by the assistance of a rope he carried up, such arrangements were made as to lower down the bell on the outside, which was speedily done. No sooner was the bell on the ground than Sheriff Willard attached it on a writ of replevin, and after the necessary bonds were entered into, carried it back into the church. We understand that more than a hundred people were assembled, some of whom, armed with pitchforks, &c., and led on by a *justice of the peace*, whose name we forbear to mention at present, offered resistance to the officer who sold the bell, and who was on the ground to make the delivery. A fire engine was also procured by the "law and order" party, to drive Sheriff Clifford and *posse* from their work, but being out of repair, it could not be used.

We regret, in performing our duty as editor, to chronicle such things as having transpired in the goodly town of Petersham, and have charity to suppose that what resistance was offered, was made through ignorance of the requirements of the law and its penalties; for whichever party was in the right, lawful means only should have been resorted to, to obtain redress.—*Barre Pat.*

The Tazewell (Ill.) Whig has the following capital advice and we commend it to our readers:

No man who has a family of children should neglect to take a newspaper. It creates a desire for reading, a thirst for knowledge. The satisfaction of knowing what is going on in the world, of keeping up with the times, as the phrase is, must be exceedingly gratifying as well as instructing. We would as soon part with our *coffee*, as to lose the pleasure of perusing some newspapers we have taken for years. We can have no patience with men, who when asked to take a newspaper, reply "we shoul like to take a paper. I like to read the news, and so do my children, but I really can't afford it." At the same time these very men, are expending money with freedom, for whiskey, cigars, tobacco and other articles of less use continually. Our paper costs in advance but three cents per week. *There is not a man in the county, be he ever so poor, but if he has the will, can afford to take it.* If our paper does not suit the great variety of tastes to be found in our county, why take some other, but by all means take some good family newspaper, and our word for it, it never will be regretted.

BRAZILIAN MONKEYS.—Mr Campbell, the traveler, relates the following anecdote:

"As I was passing through the woods of Brazil, I saw a shining black money, called the preacher, with bright eyes, round ears, and a round beard under his chin and throat, sitting at the top of a tree, while a swarm of monkeys sat below him. He sat up a most frightful howling, and then, after a pause of some time gave a signal to the rest, who all began to howl together. The monkey at the top, made another sign for them to be silent, and began again, in his turn, to howl by himself. This was continued till the party I was with, being tired, fired a few shots among them; the party broke up, and such a confusion, and leaping, and scampering, I never saw before."

WESTERN RAILROAD DIVIDEND.—The Directors of the Western Railroad Co., have declared a dividend of $3 per share on the earnings of the five months ending Nov. 30, payable on the 1st of January to holders of stocks on the 15th of December. This is at the rate of 7 1-4 per cent. per annum, and leaves a very large surplus.—Three dividends have been declared in ten months, viz: one in March, one in August, and the present one.

An English provincial paper has an advertisement for "*two* apprentices who will be treated as *one* of the family.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

"If you had always avoided rum," said a wealthy though not intelligent grocer to his intemperate neighbor, "your early habits of industry and intellectual abilities would have placed you in any station, and you would now ride in your own carriage." "And if you had never sold rum for me to buy," replied the baccanal, "you would have been my driver."

A Frenchman having heard a gentleman make use of the expression, "it strikes me forcibly," and not being very well acquainted with the parlance of John Bull, shortly afterwards introduced the same expression thus in conversion—"It do knock me very hard dat dis is de reason," &c.

Terror dwells amid the works of man, not amid the works of nature. We tremble beside the tomb—we shrink beneath the icy vapor of the charnal-house—the foot walks unsteadily over the stone placed above the dead; but the green grass and dewy flowers create no fear.

"John," said a wife to her spouse, 'what on earth possibly can induce those two old snuff-taking dowagers to be here to-night at the ball? I am sure they will not add in the least to the brilliancy of the scene."—"Pardon me," replied the other gravely, "for not agreeing with you, but for my part I really think that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of *snuffers*."

A gentleman conversing with an Irishman stated that he had seen a telescope with which he could see rocks in the moon. "Arrah, said Pat, 'an' was it not my own father that had a telescope which would bring a pig so near you could see him five miles off, an' faith, an' you could hear him grunt too."

"What have you been doing to the gas-light?" asked Reuben,—the room was lighted by gas.

"Duin' to the *gas*-light?—I aint been duin' nothin' to it, only to *blow it out!*"

"Nuff said, *by thunder!*" replied Reuben, and he turned off the gas and sloped.

At a concert recently given by Duffield, in New Orleans, a slight huskiness was perceptible in Mr. Duffield's voice, while he was singing a difficult passage in one of his songs. Somebody observed that he ought to get a 'squeeze of a lemon' to clear his throat, when a wag in the room immediately replied, 'yes, he ought; that's what I call lemon-aid (ade.) That is what *we* called a *concerted* pun.

The following epitaph is written upon a tomb-stone in England:—

Here lies the collier, John of Nashes,
By whom death nothing gained, *he swore*;
For living, he was *dust* and *ashes*,
And being dead he is *no more*.

Mr. Jordan cross-examining Mrs. Taylor, one of the witnesses in the case of Polly Bodine, in trying to extract from her a confession that she was easily frightened, asked her if she did not recollect being scared at the braying of a jackass.—The witness looking him full in the face, tartly replied: "No, I am never frightened at a *jackass*."

The generality of wooers seem to have an impression that the roads to a woman's hear: are three; through her eyes, her ears, and down her throat; for which reason they dress for her, say sweet things to her, and treat her to sweet things.

"Hallo, Jim, what are you doing with that poor dog? His yells are enough to break the heart of a horse block."

The following is from the pen of a popular author: 'O! what more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart, than the first love of a pure, earnest and affectionate girl? Let him tremble, as accursed both of God and man, if he has sought to turn her devotion into shame and wretchedness.'

"I speak as I feel," returned Clifford; "were the woman I love suffering in poverty I would beg with her, if I could not relieve her through injustice I would defend her; from unkindness I would protect her; and if the world forsook her, I would be to her the world."

Some one says of a certain congregation, that they *pray* on their knees on Sunday, and on their neighbors the rest of the week.

Do you believe in a *future state?* inquired a judge of a witness.

"Certainly; haven't I been all through Iowa?" was the answer.

A female without decision of character, is the most fickle being in the world, and the most to be pitied.

"A splendid triumph of science," said Mr. Muggins to his wife; "a Mr. Hartford has given a boy a new lip, which he took from his cheek." "That's nothing, pa; I saw a doctor take two from our Patty' cheek, the other day, and the operation didn't seem to be painful either."

In the list of articles to which premiums were awarded at the Lewis County Fair lately, is the following: "*Best comforter*, Miss Harriet Sheldon."

Pay the printer when you want exercise.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—Just as Mr. Benjamin Sykes of Ludlow, had started with a horse and buggy, to cross the track of the Western Railroad, near the "Five Mile House," so called in this town, yesterday morning, the steamboat train for New York came along; the Locomotive struck the horse with much violence, killing him instantly. The buggy had not got far on the track, but it was overturned and broken, and Mr. Sykes thrown out at a *distance of seventy-five feet* from the spot. When taken up, it was found that one of his arms was broken in two places, and that he was otherwise injured. It was not known, whether he was internally hurt or not, by the shock. It will be remembered that Mr. Bush of this town, met with a similar, though less serious, accident at this same crossing, a few months since. The track is there hidden from the view of those travelling the common road, by a high embankment, covered with trees and bushes. The engineer says the bell was rung on this occasion, as usual, but it probably was not noticed by Mr. Sykes.—*Rep.*

CAPITAL TRIAL.—Leander Thompson and Benjamin Pratt were tried before the Supreme Court, in this town, last week, for setting fire to the house of Ithiel Cummings in Douglass, in the night time, in March last. The jury could not agree as to Pratt; but found a verdict of guilty vs. Thompson; and on Friday the Chief Justice, in an impressive manner, sentenced him to be hung.

The facts in the case were stated in the newspapers of the day, and are probably fresh in the recollection of all who feel any particular interest in the case. Some three years ago, Thompson and Cummings had a difficulty, which the former could not forget: but had often declared should one day be avenged. His vengeance has been satisfied at the expense of his own life. Thompson is a young man, under thirty years of age, and has a wife and three children. Pratt was with him when the fire was set: but to what degree he was implicated in the guilty transaction, does not yet appear. He will of course have another trial.—*Hfor. Palladium.*

MORE OF THE ATLANTIC.—We heard this morning of a most touching incident which occurred on board the Atlantic after she had struck on the reef, which does equal honor to the hearts and feelings of both parties concerned. A young lad about fourteen years of age, who was returning from the eastward, and who was unable to make any successful efforts for self preservation on account of being a cripple, was seen by Mr. Allen, pilot of the boat, to hesitate about jumping overboard, although he had thrown off his coat and prepared himself for the leap, at the suggestion of some of the other passengers.—As soon as Mr. Allen saw him, he called to him and lifted him up on to the wheel house, where he (Allen) was standing, and clasping him in his arms jumped overboard and succeeded in reaching the shore in safety. As soon as the poor boy got breath, looking with tearful eyes into the face of his preserver, he exclaimed in a voice which came from the bottom of his heart, "Oh! if I were rich what present would I not give you."

DOMESTIC ENDEARMENTS.—I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seem to me one of the most comfortable circumstances of his lot. His situation, with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, tho' he may now and then forget it, amidst the bustle of public or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.—*Horne.*

Unexpected Fun.—Fun is never so good as when it comes *unsought*. Happening in at a coarse looking shop, where all looked and smelt of business, we saw a starring picture of *two* donkeys, with the following quotation from Shakespeare:—

"When shall we three meet again!"

This is one of the practical jokes at which the subject could not fail to laugh, as well as the by-standers.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THE ANGUISH OF BEREAVEMENT.—When little Jacob Walton was informed that he alone of all his family had escaped from the wreck of the Atlantic, he turned to Mr. Gould, who had saved so many, and exclaimed in substance—"Oh! take me back and throw me into the sea! Oh!—let me drown with my parents and brothers and sisters!"

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—The catalogue for the current year shows a total of 247 undergraduates and 50 medical students. Of the former, there are 48 seniors, 53 juniors, 47 sophomores, 48 freshmen and 1 partial of course.

He is unfit and unworthy to rule over men, who is unwilling that God should rule over him.

A Valuable Testimony.

We like, at all times, to give credit when credit is due, and if at the same time we can relieve the distressed, we are doubly gratified; we, therefore, give the following voluntary testimony as to the beneficial effects of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, by the editor of the Columbia South Carolinian, who appears to have obtained great relief from its use. Old Dominion, Portsmouth, Va.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

We seldom resort to patent medicines, having a great respect for the skill of the medical profession, but chance threw into our way the above named medicine, immediately after the close of the late session of the Legislature, when our lungs were almost dried up by the highly rarified atmosphere of our stove warmed State House. The Balsam immediately relieved us of a most harrassing cough, which threatened our health in a serious degree.—We feel that we are indebted to it for some fifteen pounds of animal weight—which addition being once FELT, cannot be forgotten.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson.

JUST PUBLISHED!

GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. Buchan, M. D. of London, England. With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the *Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs*—an outline of Dr. Buchan's *highly successful* method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his *new and powerful remedy*—and directions for *self-management and cure*, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experiment in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, *"a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice."*

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

Dorchester, Mass., June 15.

Dr. F. Brown:—

Dear Sir: It affords me great pleasure to be able to bear testimony to the valuable properties of your Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters. You probably remember the situation I was in when I commenced using them by the advice of my friends; the suffering which I have borne for a long time from the effects of a most terrible humor is almost indescribable; it covered my chest and arms, breaking out at times in quite large sores. Medicine after medicine did I try, without the least relief, and I gave up ever expecting to be cured; but at last I was persuaded to make use of your Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters; but I must say I commenced with great reluctance, thinking it would eventually fail to relieve me, as all other medicines had done.—But how happily have I been disappointed! It has entirely cured me. Nothing that I do affords me more pleasure than recommending your Bitters to persons similarly afflicted, and I do most earnestly recommend all to try them before they give up, supposing there is no relief. I now value them so highly I keep them in the house, and use them in my family, as I consider them the best, pleasantest, and most thorough medicine now in use, removing all impurities, carrying off all bile, without weakening the system, or being obliged to change your diet.

After showing this to any one, if they are not perfectly satisfied, ask them to call on me, and I will explain my case more fully, which it will afford me great pleasure to do. Yours respectfully,

DANIEL PLUMMER.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson.

☞ We clip the following notice of a most valuable medicine from the Evening Mirror, and publish it for the benefit of our readers, believing that we cannot devote a space in our columns more to their advantage:

We have before us testimonials of the highest character establishing the ract of the extraordinary healing properties this Liniment possesses, and therefore we can recommend its use with confidence. Where "suffering humanity" can obtain relief by ceatain means, it is right and proper, and an act of mercy indeed, to let the public know that such means are attainable, and we feel assured that in this instance, we are, in doing so, securing for ourselves the gratitude of those who may be induced to try the effects of Hunt's Liniment from our recommendation. It is sold at Rushton's and Sand's stores in Broadway, and will be found at those of the most respectable druggists in the city.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

MARRIAGES.

In Belchertown, Nov. 26, Mr L. Goodale, of Amherst, to Miss Eliza Ward, of Belchertown.

Eliza has spent 20 years of her life
Without knowing the pleasures attending a wife;
And now, Miss Eliza, you have put on the fetter,
I pray you will enjoy Life a *Good-ale* better.

DEATHS.

In Springfield, Dec. 2d, Francis Edward, only child of Stephen and Eliza Grover, aged 5 mynthf.

In Albany, N. Y. Nov. 28th, Mr. Daniel J. Holt, son of the late Elijah Holt, of Richmond, Va., aged 23.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the Subscribers have been duly appointed Administrators of G. A Polk, late of Palmer, in the County of Hampden, deceased; and have taken upon ourselves that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. And all persons having demands upon the estate of the deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to us.

C. C. SHAW.
N. L. POLK.

Palmer, Dec. 1st, 1846. 49-2t.

To Let.

A DWELLING-HOUSE, Blacksmith Shop and tools, situated in the South-east part of Palmer, on the road leading from Palmer to Brimfield, 3 miles from Palmer Depot, all in good repair.

For farther partiulars enquire of

JOHN FENTON.

Palmer, Dec. 16, 1846. 49-tf.

Iron & Steel,

AND a general assortment of Hard Ware is now for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or *VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.*

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

New Arrangement!

THE subscriber has completed his store which is 88 by 40 feet, and is filling the same with new and desirable Goods, which will constitute the largest stock of the kind in the county, consisting of Hard Ware, Iron and Steel, W. I Goods, Flour, Salt, Grain. Dry Goods in a great variety truly worthy the attention of all. Carpetings, Crockery, Glass and China Ware in first rate styles and unprecedented low prices. Feathers of all kinds, &c.

People from a distance coming to this place to trade, will not have it to say that my advertisement is larger than my stock. Please give me a call and you shall be well treated. All Goods not proving as *represented as to quality and price*, can be returned and the money refunded.

D. F. McGILVRAY

Depot Store.

Public Notice.

THE subscriber will pay at his Store in Goods at *cash prices*, twenty dollars per thousand for Walnut and White Oak Hoop Poles, 14 feet long, large enough for two hoops. The poles to be delivered at the Hoop Factory near the Depot.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 23, 1846. 38-3m

N. H. Down's
Vegetable Balsamic Elixir,

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Oysters.

THE subscriber has made arrangements for a constant supply of fresh Oysters, forwarded daily from New Haven by railroad express, which he will sell in quantities to suit customers at the lowest prices.

Tavern keepers, and persons buying to sell again, supplied on liberal terms.

Orders from abroad will be promptly attended to, and the *Goods* forwarded at short notice.

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 15, 1846.

DR. A. G. WHITE,

—OFFERS HIS SERVICES AS—

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

To the citizens of Palmer and vicinity.

(Office—at Three Rivers, near the Post Office.)

Palmer, (Three Rivers,) Oct. 25, 1846. 42

J. D. BARBER,
Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

Watches.

BRING on those WATCHES and have them put in good repair. Remember that for the few cents you will pay for the work you will receive a hundred per cent. in consequence of having a good time-keeper. Remember also, that *time* is money, therefore do not delay. Shop nearly opposite the Bank.

L. BABCOCK.

Ware Village, Oct. 20, 1846. 41-2m

A. BLODGETT,
Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

Snuff & Tobacco,

OF the best quality for sale at the depot store, by McGILVRAY.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY,

—CALLED—

HUNT'S LINIMENT,

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contraction of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attendeded the application of this most

WONDERFUL MEDICINE

In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named,—and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

From the New York Mirror.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent and influential citizens of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent Medicine for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question.

Sing Sing, May 13, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character he gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Voris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.
Robert Wiltse, late agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson I. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Peck, agent M. P. State Prison.
B. G. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Benjamin Moore,	Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp,	Pierre Van Cortlandt,
Stephen Marshall,	Abraham Miller,
John Strang,	Gilbert Martin,
Philip G. Van Wyck,	Edmund M. Blunt,
Benjamin Washburn.	

☞ The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—The letter is addressed to Mr Stanton:

Yorktown, June 18, 1845.

SIR,—Having cured me of a severe attack of Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the great properties which your External Remedy, Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a farmer.

Your obedient serv't.

OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

This Liniment is sold at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, by all the Principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

Wholesale Agents in New York.

Hoadley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street; Rushton & Co., 110 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, corner Fulton and William; Aspinwall, 93 William street.

Orders addressed to me at Sing Sing, N. Y., will be attended to.

GEO. E. STANTON, *Proprietor.*

Sing-Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

$1.500.

WANTED to obtain a loan of fifteen hundred dollars, payable in equal sums from one to seven or ten years, or the whole amount payable in seven years. The gentleman wishing the money is of industrious, temperate habits; and will furnish ample security on unincumbered Real Estate, eligibly located in the eastern part of the County, and of the estimated value of considerable more than twice the amount of the desired loan.

For further particulars enquire of C. TORREY.

Palmer Depot, Nov. 19, 1846. tf

JOHN ANTHONY, JR.,
Fashionable Hair Dresser
AND BARBER.

TAKES this opportunity to announce to the inhabitants of Palmer Depot and vicinity, that he has opened a shop in McGilvray's Building, next door to Mechanics' Hall, where he will be happy to wait upon all those, who may favor him with their patronage.

N. B. In connection with the above, J. A. Jr. keeps constantly on hand Confectionary, Nuts, Fruit, &c., &c. 45tf

Palmer Depot, Nov. 19th, 1846.

Removal!

THE subscriber has removed to more spacious rooms in McGILVRAY'S BLOCK, where he will continue to manufacture Gents'

GARMENTS

of all descriptions, in the latest and most becoming styles.

In returning my sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage which has been bestowed on me, since my commencement in this village, I would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

J. D. BARBER.

Palmer Depot, Nov. 4, 1846. 43

NEW GOODS!

A LARGE and splendid assortment of Fall and Winter Dress Goods, to be found at the

NEW YORK CHEAP STORE,

on the *north side* of the railroad, at prices that cannot fail to suit the purchaser. All who are in want will do well to call before buying.

Also, a large lot of Boots and Shoes—the cheapest in town. 42tf CHARLES SMITH.

Coffins.

THE undersigned since his commencement of business in this village, has frequently been under the necessity of working by night and upon the Sabbath, in order to make coffins, and to have them ready in due season for those who were intending to remove their deceased friends to their family or other burying grounds. He would therefore announce to the inhabitants of Palmer and vicinity, that he is now making and will keep constantly on hand a good supply of ready made coffins, of all sizes and descriptions, such as Cherry, Whitewood, Mahogany, &c., for the convenience of all those who may need. LEBBEUS C. SMITH.

Thorndike village, Oct. 20, 1846. 41

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver-Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. S. Packard, Monson. 1y1

KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS remedy for worms is one of the most extraordinary ever used. It effectually eradicates worms of every sort, from children and adults.

It cannot harm the smallest infant or the strongest adult. There is no mercury or mineral in it.—Mercury is the basis of most worm remedies, and the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.—So never use lozenges, but rely upon this. Every person will be convinced at one trial, that it is the most perfect cure ever invented.

The immense sale that this vermifuge has, is a sure test of its value and the estimation in which it is held by families. It would be quite too expensive to publish a volume of certificates that have been given for this article, and the users of it are requested to spread the name to all persons whom they think may be benefitted by it.

We call on all good citizens to make known the effects of this wonderful remedy.

Remember and ask for *Kolmstock's Vermifuge*, the one that has become known to you through the advertisement should be used in justice to the proprietors.

STARTLING FACTS.

Hundreds of children and adults are lost every year with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man, woman or child exists but what are sooner or later troubled with this complaint.

Sold by COMSTOCK & ROSS, 19 Tremont Row, Boston—also, by ABNER ALLEN, Palmer Depot.

Cured of Piles.

"For five years I was afflicted with what the doctors told me were the Itching Piles. I had applied to several physicians, and used many medicines without any relief, till I used the Hay's Liniment, which I purchased of COMSTOCK & ROSS, No. 19 Tremont Row, which cured me before I had used all of one bottle. I was greatly relieved upon the first one or two applications. Most seriously do I urge upon the afflicted to use this remedy before all others. My object entirely in making my case public, is hoping I may benefit the afflicted sufferer.

EBEN THOMPSON, No. 4 Alston st.

Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor.

The great healing salve.—It seems hardly worth while that we should add our testimony to the overwhelming mass that has already been procured by that inestimable burn specific called Connel's Magical Pain Extractor—but we might as well say it exceeds any thing we ever heard of for the rapid and thorough cure of the following complaints, which have been tested in this city, viz.: burns, scalds, tender and sore feet, chilblains, wounds and old sores, bruises and cold in wounds, inflammation, salt rheum, rheumatism, erysipelas, sore eyes and nipples, eruptions and scrofula, chaps, and piles in their worst form. No family should be without this wonderful salve. Sold genuine at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sarsaparilla.

Comstock & Co's Concentrated Compound Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla, for the cure of scrofula, chronic rheumatism, general debility, cutaneous diseases, scaly eruptions of the skin, tetters, pimples on the face, mercurial and siphiloid diseases, diles from impure habits of the body, ulcerations of the throat, pains and swellings of the bones, liver affections, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, exposure and imprudence of life, excessive use of mercury. The Sarsaparilla can be depended upon as being as good as any other in this country or Europe. This pure extract is put up in as large or larger bottles as any sold for one dollar, at the unprecedented low price of 50 cents per bottle, or $4 per dozen. Sold by Comstock & Ross, 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot. 21-3m.

The Naples Hair Dye,

Is warranted to impart to the hair a jet black, without either affecting its softness or strength, and without staining or in any way injuring the skin. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, and has no deleterious effects on the health, as is attested by the experience of those in the city who have used it.—An apprehension of its possessing injurious qualities, has alone deterred thousands from a valuable preparation which so much beautifies and adorns personal appearance. Sold at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sash & Blind

SHOP, AT PALMER DEPOT!!

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Palmer and vicinity, that he will furnish Sash and Blinds of all kinds, made of

Pine, Cherry, Black Walnut,

and MAHOGANY, at short notice, if not on hand.

N. B.—All orders sent by mail or left with Mr William C. Childs, at the Depot, will be strictly attended to, and warranted to be made as well as they can be made at any other shop in the County, and at prices as low.

Please call and examine our work before purchasing elsewhere and satisfy yourselves.

N. W. PRIME.

Palmer Depot, Nov. 4, 1846. 43-3t

THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guaranteed!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammations of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent*. It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-6 cts per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain and permanent*.

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all Inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guaranteed.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. It takes according to the directions *a cure for life is guaranteed*.

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained at agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 12

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 11-1y

HENRY A. BROWN,

Blank Book Manufacturer,

AND GENERAL JOB

Book Binder,

Corner Main and State Sts.,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Public Offices, Railroad and Manufacturing Cos., Merchants and others, wishing superior Paper ruled and bound to pattern, or as ordered, we should be happy to have give us a trial. Sheet Music, Reprints, Periodicals, Pamphlets, &c., bound in every variety of style. Orders gratefully received, and perfect satisfaction guarantied. 48

John J. Hall,

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Palmer, and the adjoining towns, that he has opened a

NEW SHOE SHOP,

in Mechanic's Hall, where he will keep constantly on hand, a good supply of work manufactured from the best of materials, among which are—Gents' fine French, and American Calf Boots, made from the best of stock, and by the most experienced workmen. All orders promptly attended to, and repairing done at short notice.

N. B. I wish to be understood that I shall do a Cash business, and shall, therefore, keep no Book Accounts.

Palmer Depot. 43-3m.

Now is the time for Ladies and Gentlemen to supply themselves with Furs beautiful Muffs, Otter and other Caps, selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S.

POETRY.

The Wreck of the Atlantic.

Wild was the wind—the waves ran high—
No beacon star shone from the sky,
Nor moonlight's cheering ray;
Upon that dreadful night,
As struggling with the tempest's might,
Rocked by the billows fearfully—
The noble steamer lay!
Her home was on the waters wide;
Full oft she braved the raging tide,
And once again, in all her pride,
She sought her onward way.
But once again? ah! never more,
With all the precious freight she bore,
On her oft-tried yet pathless track
Will that ill fated boat come back?
For fiercer, louder rose the gale,
And many a hope-flushed cheek grew pale—
And manhood's voice, and woman's wail
Floated upon the wind;
And many contrite souls were there,
And many an earnest, fervent prayer,
From hearts subdued, resigned.
That fearful night was o'er at last!
Oh, with what feelings was it passed!
And 'neath the morning sun
That smil'd upon the treacherous wave—
Destined, alas! to be her grave,
She drifted, drifted on!
No human arm could stay her course—
No might oppose the tempest's force
But thine—Almighty Power!
Oh God! 'twas not thy sov'reign will
To bid the angry sea "be still!"
In that tempestuous hour.
Borne in the hollow of thy hand,
The wind and waves are thy command—
Thy stern decree, O righteous Lord!
Sent these dread messengers abroad,
And bade the tempest lower.
A long, long day: another night!
No bright hope cheered the straining sight.
And when the darkness closed around,
Nought save the wild waves' booming sound,
Clearing her decks with mighty bound,
In that dread hour was heard!
Pale lips were mov'd in silent prayer—
Nor shrieks of wo, nor wild despair,
Went upward through the midnight air,
Nor voice, nor spoken word.
Onward, through boiling surges borne,
She nears the rocks! she strikes! she's gone!
Oh! hour of agony!
That once proud vessel now a wreck—
A hundred brave forms on her deck—
Men strong of nerve and stout of heart,
Had gathered there to die!
Some who had passed a weary life,
Toiling with busy, ceaseless strife,
For honor or for gain;
Call'd suddenly from life to part,
Honor and wealth were vain.
And some whose birthright was the sea—
Ever their wild delight to be
"Borne onward, like its bubbles" free;
They braved its terrors manfully!
And some who at their country's call
Mid cannon's roar and rattling ball,
Would in the hour of battle fall,
And meet death fearlessly!
And some were holy men of prayer—
And loving hearts were parted there—
And gentle forms that ever weep
At the wild terrors of the deep,
Found on that night their silent graves
Beneath the ever-restless waves.
Not all were lost! for o'er the sea
In that last hour of agony,
Jesus! thine arm was stretch'd to save
In mercy from a watery grave.
Blest be each prayer of grateful love
Wafted to thy high throne above
From those who humbly knelt to pay
Thanksgiving on that sacred day.
That stotely bark was all a wreck—
But far above her shattered deck,
A-swinging to and fro—
A solemn bell with mournful knell
Sent forth its notes of woe.
Erect and calm, amid the storm,
Stood on that deck a noble form,
That mov'd not—falter'd not!
With stern resolve he kept his post
Upon that fearful spot;
And then, when every hope was lost,
Amid its ruins, tempest toss'd—
That manly breast was hush'd to sleep
By the rude rockings of the deep.
And still upon that mighty wreck,
And high above its wave-washed deck,
A-swinging to and fro—
The solemn bell with mournful knell,
Sends forth its notes of wo!
No fitter dirge for him or them,
Than that solemn requiem.
"Roll on, thou deep, dark ocean, roll!"
Vain is the boast of man's control—
A conqueror, thou! and thousands rest
Beneath thy mighty heaving breast.
Roll on, thou deep, dark ocean, roll,
Till Heaven is gathered like a scroll:
But yet not thine, the immortal soul—
Thou shalt give up thy dead, O sea!
To him who rules eternity.

New London, Nov. 25th 1846.

From the Saturday Rambler.

Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1 5 10, is a pointed instrument.
My 2 7 5 4, is an earthern vessel.
My 3 2 7 8 12, is a hard wood.
My 4 7 8 11 6 12, is an adverb.
My 5 3 4 10, should be upon every farm.
My 6 1 5, governs all mankind.
My 7 5 10, is a large bird.
My 8 11 1 4, is the name of an editor.
My 9 7 8 9, is a musical instrument.
My 10 3 9, is a part of a man's body.
My 11 1 9 6 3, is a bird of prey.
My 12 11 4 10 7 5 is a color.
My whole is a subscriber for the Saturday Rambler.

Riddle.

My body is thin, I've no bowels within,
I have neither head, face, nor eye;
A tail I possess, four feet and no less,
And without any wings I can fly.

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm Work for December.

Blow, Blow! ye wintry winds, and bid the farmer ward off your force.

Winter has come, cold, cold winter.—The sun has lost its power. The north wind rules on land and stormy ocean.—Come mariners! away; and tempt no more the treacherods deep, while Boreas holds the reins.

Frosty winter — welcome to youth whose warm blood quickens with approach of leisure—of holidays on skates, sleds and rackets. The time may come when you will hail, with heartiest pleasure the returning sun, and bid warm weather welcome. When your frosty heads will cower, and retreat before the elements that mock old age.

The first care of the farmer when winter comes, is his live stock that looks up to him alone for sustenance. They are dumb and need his special care. They suffer more from neglect at this season than in March, for their forage is entirely changed in a day, and dry food is substituted for sweet pastures.

The round turnips that you have carefully stored should now be freely parcelled out. They gain nothing by keeping, and they are liable to be spoiled by frost.—They will never be more serviceable to your young stock than in the month of December. Feed out freely now and you shorten their winter—there time of dry fodder.

Cows in milk, and fatting oxen need roots. Cows may have turnips and carrots and beets. Too many turnips may injure their milk. But one peck each day given with regularity to a cow, has injured no milk that we have ever tasted.

The old horse will care but little for your turnip feed. But carrots he will not forget after he has been once introduced to them. Carrots give old dobbin a glossy coat and a nimble gait, without engendering gout, or breaking out his grinders in munching. Feed pretty full in these cold days and you will need the less in March.

If the rye and oats and wheat and barley are not all threshed they should be, for fear of rats and mice and dirty hens. The only apology that can be offered for deferring this business to December, is the want of labor arising from improvements on the farm. We have had so much good out door weather since the grain harvest, that we have hardly had time look into the grain scaffolds.

Wood should be hauled in the winter season, and December is usually the best month for this business. January and February are more windy months, and the snows are piled up too deep for good *sledding*.

Country schools should be constantly attended in winter while the funds hold out. Parents and guardians, see that young people lose not a day's attendance on your district schools. One indulgence leads to another; and certificates in excuse are only a plague to the master.

An order to have *your* boy dismissed half an hour before the school closes, creates as much and more confusion in a large school than tardiness in the morning. Don't perplex a faithful schoolmaster by interfering with your special legislation. General laws are more equal, and the rules of the school must be established by him who presides over it.

If the master proves a tyrant, as some masters will, let him be punished by the regular tribunals. He must be made to know, if he knows not, that he has not absolute power to do as he pleases with his charge. If he punishes unreasonably, he is himself liable to punishment.

A full knowledge of this truth will not weaken the authority of a reasonable master; and children cannot be made more unruly by a knowledge that the master cannot play the tyrant with impunity.—*Ploughman.*

Best time to apply Paint.

It has long been a subject of inquiry, as to the best time to apply paint to the clapboards of houses for durability. Repeated experiments have been made, within 25 years past, which have resulted in the conviction that paint applied between November and March, will stand more than twice as long as that which is spread in the warmest weather. The reason is obvious, for in cold weather the oil, and component parts of the paint form a hard substance on the surface of the clapboard, nearly as hard as glass, and not easily erased, or even cut with a sharp knife, and will not soon wear off; whereas paint applied in the months of July and August—more especially if in a severe drought, the oil penetrates into the wood like water into a sponge, and leaves the lead nearly dry, which will soon crumble off.

Milch Cows.

As your pastures are now bare provide your milch cows with proper quantities of wholesome and nutricious food. Barn them at night, taking care to give them plenty to eat—a little at a time, but often. Salt them twice a week, and occasionally give them a mixture of equal quantities of lime and salt to lick. Feed your sheep with turnips, for they will do them more good now then at any other time.

GOOD NEWS TO

Purchasers!!

AT PALMER DEPOT.

BEING aware that the readers of most of the newspapers at the present day, are called upon by merchants to notice particularly something they have to say about their MERCHANDIZE WAREROOMS, their great facilities for purchasing and selling goods, their very superior advantages over others in the same kind of business; and believing that the misrepresentations made by many have excited suspicions with the greater part of the candid members of the community, that all is not gold that shines, and that all is not true that is said; the subscriber wishes to inform the people of this section of the country of some things that may prove mutually beneficial, and I shall consider myself responsible for all assertions, so if they are untrue, I trust my customers and those who favor me with a call will report favorably, or adverse as the conclusion they may arrive at will dictate after an examination. I have just made an addition to my store of 48 feet in length, which makes the whole Block to be occupied for the Mercantile business 88 feet long, and the greater part of it 40 feet wide. The 1st apartment to be filled with

HARD-WARE,

Iron and Steel, Nails, Carpenters' Tools, Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dye Woods, Window Glass, and such other articles in this line of business as are usually wanted. The next will be devoted to the

W. I. GOODS,

Flour, Lime, Salt, Pork, Lard and Tea business. The 3d room contains probably as large if not the largest assortment, and as desirable a stock of European and Domestic Goods as ever offered in the county, consisting of nearly every thing in the way of

DRESS GOODS,

Cloakings, Shawls, Silks, White Goods, Laces, Muslins, Damask Goods, Prints, Patches, Tickings, Sheetings, Bleached & Brown; Burlaps, Hosiery, Hdkfs., Scarfs, Fringes, Satchels, Shoes, Umbrellas, and in connection are the small but important articles which the reader is aware are kept in an establishment like the present one. My extensive quantity of Cloths for Gentlemen, Boys' and Children's wear, is, as a matter of course, worthy the attention of all, as they have mostly been purchased at the depreciated prices and are extremely low,—among them are splendid over Coatings, Tweeds, fine Eng., French and American Cloths, for Dress Coats, coarser grades for common wear, Satinets in great variety of styles and qualities, Vestings, Cassimeres, and trimmings to go with the cloths if desired.

Garments made to order in Style and with Despatch.

My CROCKERY,

CARPET

and Glass Ware addition to the before named Goods is truly attractive. The view and examination of which will undoubtedly satisfy the most incredulous that it is no fiction, to state I can sell beautiful

CHINA TEA SETTS,

with all things to match, together with all other Ware at as low a price as the same goods can be bought at retail, at any Crockery store in the Union.

Mirrors

in Gilt and Mahogany Frames, of a variety of sizes, at a small advance from manufacturers' prices. Glass Ware in any quantity desired, such as Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, in many shapes, Sauce and Cup Plates, Salts, Castors, Tumblers, Solar and common Lamps, Candelabras, Girondoles, Glass Candlesticks, Lanterns all sizes, and an assortment of Toys and Fancy articles. In the same room are CARPETINGS from the lowest to the best grades, which will be sold extremely low; Rugs of various sizes and prices; Wool & Cotton Bockings, Oil Cloths, Stair Carpets and Rods, &c. My stock of FEATHERS will suit all classes of purchasers, being made of best Live Geese down to common Hen's Feathees. In addition to the previously mentioned articles I keep, are the seasonably and desirable things wanted which would properly come under the head of MISCELLANEOUS,—Buff Robes, Fur Skins, Muffs, Winter Gloves, Boots, Shoes, Brogans, Hats, Caps, Horse Blankets, and many articles besides which can be understood easier than expressed.

I have in the foregoing given an idea of my establishment, and would now ask the *favor* of the purchasing community to call and examine and see if these things are so, and hope that our treatment in every respect to those who call will be perfectly satisfactory. I have thus far had many customers from quite a distance, and trust I shall have an increase for time to come, as my inducements at present are greater than previously, and I will assure that portion of my trade, that their most sanguine anticipations shall not be disappointed. I know that my situation in business is as favorable for my customers and myself, as any other person's. I will briefly give my reasons. In the 1st place I intend to purchase as low as possible, in large quantities. My means for getting Goods to my Store incurs as little expense as almost any Store from Boston to Albany. My assortment is as great as that of any store on the Western Railroad, if not in the county. My rents are very light compared with those in Spaingfield or Worcester, or any large place. My outgoes for Clerks for the business I do, is much less than those of concerns where they deal in but one kind of goods. And lastly, I do not intend to give over 3 months credit, making my business principally cash and exchange. To my former customers, I tender my thanks for past patronage and influence, and hope they will continue to favor me so long as I merit their favor.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Palmer, Depot Store.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or *VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.*

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

Public Notice.

THE subscriber will pay at his Store in Goods at *cash prices*, twenty dollars per thousand for Walnut and White Oak Hoop Poles, 14 feet long, large enough for two hoops. The poles to be delivered at the Hoop Factory near the Depot.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 28, 1846. 38-3m

N. H. Down's

Vegetable Balsamic Elixir,

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Oysters.

THE subscriber has made arrangements for a constant supply of fresh Oysters, forwarded daily from New Haven by railroad express, which he will sell in quantities to suit customers at the lowest prices.

Tavern keepers, and persons buying to sell again, supplied on liberal terms.

Orders from abroad will be promptly attended to, and the *Goods* forwarded at short notice.

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 15, 1846.

Sash & Blind SHOP, AT PALMER DEPOT!!

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Palmer and vicinity, that he will furnish Sash and Blinds of all kinds, made of

Pine, Cherry, Black Walnut,

and MAHOGANY, at short notice, if not on hand.

N. B.—All orders sent by mail or left with Mr William C. Childs, at the Depot, will be strictly attended to, and warranted to be made as well as they can be made at any other shop in the County, and at prices as low.

Please call and examine our work before purchasing elsewhere and satisfy yourselves.

N. W. PRIME.

Palmer Depot, Nov. 4, 1846. 43-3t

DR. A. G. WHITE,

—OFFERS HIS SERVICES AS—

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

To the citizens of Palmer and vicinity.

(Office—at Three Rivers, near the Post Office.)

Palmer, (Three Rivers,) Oct. 25, 1846. 42

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

New Arrangement!

THE subscriber has completed his store which is 88 by 40 feet, and is filling the same with new and desirable Goods, which will constitute the largest stock of the kind in the county, consisting of Hard Ware, Iron and Steel, W. I Goods, Flour, Salt, Grain. Dry Goods in a great variety truly worthy the attention of all. Carpetings, Crockery, Glass and China Ware in first rate styles and unprecedented low prices. Feathers of all kinds, &c.

People from a distance coming to this place to trade, will not have it to say that my advertisement is larger than my stock. Please give me a call and you shall be well treated. All Goods not proving as represented as to quality and price, can be returned and the money refunded.

D. F. McGILVRAY

Depot Store.

Iron & Steel,

AND a general assortment of Hard Ware is now for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver-Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, fest that I could not much longer bame the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS remedy for worms is one of the most extraordinary ever used. It effectually eradicates worms of every sort, from children and adults.

It cannot harm the smallest infant or the strongest adult. There is no mercury or mineral in it.—Mercury is the basis of most worm remedies; and the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.—So never use lozenges, but rely upon this. Every person will be convinced on one trial, that it is the most perfect cure ever invented.

The immense sale that this vermifuge has, is a sure test of its value and the estimation in which it is held by families. It would be quite too expensive to publish a volume of certificates that have been given for this article, and the users of it are requested to spread the name to all persons whom they think may be benefitted by it.

We call on all good citizens to make known the effects of this wonderful remedy.

Remember and ask for *Kolmstock's Vermifuge*, the one that has become known to you through the advertisement should be used in justice to the proprietors.

STARTLING FACTS.

Hundreds of children and adults are lost every year with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man, woman or child exists but what are sooner or later troubled with this complaint.

Sold by CONSTOCK & ROSS, 19 Tremont Row, Boston—also, by ABNER ALLEN, Palmer Depot.

Cured of Piles.

"For five years I was afflicted with what the doctors told me were the Itching Piles. I had applied to several physicians, and used many medicines without any relief, till I used the Hay's Liniment, which I purchased of CONSTOCK & ROSS, No. 19 Tremont Row, which cured me before I had used all of one bottle. I was greatly relieved upon the first one or two applications. Most seriously do I urge upon the afflicted to use this remedy before all others. My object entirely in making my case public, is hoping I may benefit the afflicted sufferer.

EBEN THOMPSON, No. 4 Allston st.

Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor,

The great healing salve.—It seems hardly worth while that we should add our testimony to the overwhelming mass that has already been procured by that inestimable burn specific called Connel's Magical Pain Extractor—but we might as well say it exceeds any thing we ever heard of for the rapid and thorough cure of the following complaints, which have been tested in this city, viz.: burns, scalds, tender and sore feet, chilblains, wounds and old sores, bruises and cold in wounds, inflammation, salt rheum, rheumatism, erysipelas, sore eyes and nipples, eruptions and scrofula, chaps, and piles in their worst form. No family should be without this wonderful salve. Sold genuine at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sarsaparilla.

Comstock & Co's Concentrated Compound Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla, for the cure of scrofula, chronic rheumatism, general debility, cutaneous diseases, scaly eruptions of the skin, tetters, pimples on the face, mercurial and siphiloid diseases, dries from impure habits of the body, ulcerations of the throat, pains and swellings of the bones, liver affections, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, exposure and imprudence of life, excessive use of mercury. The Sarsaparilla can be depended upon as being as good as any other in this country or Europe. This pure extract is put up in as large or larger bottles as any sold for one dollar, at the unprecedented low price of 50 cents per bottle, or $4 per dozen. Sold by Comstock & Ross, 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot. 21-3m.

The Naples Hair Dye,

Is warranted to impart to the hair a jet black, without either affecting its softness or strength, and without staining or in any way injuring the skin. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, and has no deleterious effects on the health, as is attested by the experience of those in the city who have used it.—An apprehension of its possessing injurious qualities, has alone deterred thousands from a valuable preparation which so much beautifies and adorns personal appearance. Sold at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

FASHIONABLE

Tailoring Establisment!

L. A. BAILEY,

HAVING taken great pains to procure the most approved FASHIONS for the coming season, is now prepared to manufacture Garments of every style in the best manner at the lowest rates, and at the time specified.

Cutting done at Short Notice

and full and ample directions given in regard to making, and a

FIT WARRANTED.

The subscriber feeling grateful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, hopes by unremitting attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. L. A. BAILEY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 2, 1846, 36

THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guarantied!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder: Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent.* It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-8 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain* and *permanent.*

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulcerations of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivaled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guarantied.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions *a cure for life is guaranteed.*

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 1y

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians—as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street Boston, General agent for the New England States.

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SELECTED TALES.

THE FORGERY.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

It was on a stormy night in the month of December, 1814, in the city of London, in a small chamber of an old and considerable sized dwelling, that an aged man lay at the eve of dissolution. At his bed side sat an individual of middle life, who, by the faint light of a lamp, was reading from a tattered bible some passages suitable to the sufferer's condition, but the latter appeared neither to listen to nor regard him, but occasionally would repeat to himself, wild and incoherent phrases, and pointing with his finger to some object which his fevered imagination presented to his view, would exclaim, "There, there, 'tis he—my boy—my William—the will, the will!" and with a faint effort, endeavored to grasp a parchment which lay upon a table a short distance from the bed; but this the attendant resisted with a force by no means betokening a kindly feeling for the invalid's condition. In vain did the old man again and again essay to possess himself of the document, and again and again was he resisted, 'till at length nature became exhausted—his eyes rolled wildly—the death rattle sounded fearfully in his throat—a strong convulsive shudder passed over him—a deep and long drawn sigh burst from his bosom, and the spirit had fled to him who gave it.

For some time Dunraven, for such was the name of the attendant, sat gazing upon the corpse, and it was only by the bible falling from his hands, that he was recalled to consciousness. He started to his feet—the lamp was fast waning—with a stealthy pace he moved toward the door, and placing his ear to the key-hole, listened if any one was near. Silence reigned every where, save when the wild and fitful howlings of the tempest swept over the mighty Babylon, whose dwellers were wrapped in midnight slumber.

"So, all is safe," muttered Dunraven, turning the key in the lock; "now for the accomplishment of my purpose;" then returning to the table, he took up the parchment, and gazing keenly and anxiously upon its contents, a dark shadow passed over his face like the thunder cloud over that of nature; the next instant his keen grey eyes flashed from beneath his eyebrows, like the beams of lightning, and a demoniac smile lighted up his features while he exclaimed, "Now I am secure; we want but thy signature, dead Mammam," addressing himself to the body, "and thou shalt give it, too;" then seizing the corpse, he propped it up in bed, and laying before it the parchment, took from an old dusty inkstand the stump of a pen, and placing it in the fingers of the dead, guided the cold hand over the parchment 'till the name of *Kenton*, that of the deceased, was defined in legible characters.

"Good! excellent!" he joyously exclaimed, as he snatched the paper from before the body, which rolled still and lifeless over on its face. "Why, the very fingers seemed to move mechanically to my purpose. Now, proud world, the scorned, neglected and aspiring Dunraven, shall yet be honored and respected. What though I have beggared his boy—was he not discarded by his parent? and though on his death bed he did relent, and restore him to his favor and his riches, he knew not of it. For years has he been a wanderer in a foreign land, unheard of, nay, perhaps no more. No matter, the deed is done. Dead men tell no tales;" and placing the false will in the secret drawer of the desk, he departed from the house, to inform the relatives.

His obsequies were brief, the friends and kinsmen paid more respect to his wealth than his memory, and the same day that the body was consigned to the grave, was the will of Kenton opened. Judge of the surprise of all when it was found to contain a clear and distinct conveyance of the whole of his immense wealth to Dunraven; not even was the smallest sum appropriated to the purchase of mementoes for his nearest and dearest relatives. By some of them, the validity of the will was questioned, but their suspicions were speedily quieted by the evidence adduced of two witnesses, who swore that they had legally subscribed to the same, while the lawyer who had been commissioned to frame the document, substantiated it in every particular.

We may as well here premise that Kenton, feeling the approach of death, had directed Dunraven to employ an attorney to draw out a will in favor of his only son, whom he had disinherited, owing to his wild and extravagant propensities. In place of this, Dunraven had caused it to be drawn in favor of himself, and in the event of the fraud succeeding, was to pay to the attorney a certain sum, who was also to procure two witnesses to attest the same. The signature of Kenton he undertook to procure himself. How he did procure it we have shown.

We shall now change the scene to the plains of Waterloo—on that eventful day when the preponderating fate of France and England was decided—when the mighty destroyer of his species, the subduer of Europe, the modern Attila, who stopped not for the cries of the widow and the fatherless in his bloody march to the throne of ambition, was hurled from the summit of power, and quailing before the arms of the allied forces, fled, stricken, humbled and nerveless, from that memorable field.

Night had settled over the scene of carnage, where, but some few hours before, the clash of sabre, the platoon of musketry, the roar of artillery, the shock of encountering squadrons, the cries of vengeance, and the shout of conquest, rent the heavens like the last hour of departing nature. Now, the bland blue sky was smiling over all, the diamond lights of heaven were emitting their glorious brilliance, and the sickle moon was reaping the fleecy clouds as they swept past her on the wings of the summer wind. Man, horse and rider, dead and dying, were scattered over the field. Alone, and by the margin of a little streamlet whose waters were yet red with the blood of battle, a wounded soldier was reclining, faintly essaying to cool his fevered brow and parched lips. He was a tall and handsome man, of about thirty summers, and wore the uniform of a British soldier.—Ever and anon he raised himself upon his elbow, casting an anxious glance over the plain. "Not yet! not yet!" he would despondingly utter to himself. "Will she never come—can any calamity have befallen her—what can detain her?" then falling back, would give vent to his agony in deep and audible groans. At last a solitary figure was seen wending its way among the masses of the slain. It was a young and beauteous female, habited in the peasant costume of sunny France. In her hand she carried a little basket, while, at every few steps, she would pause, and sweetly sing the burden of a plaintive ditty, then, for a few moments, listen, as if expecting it would be answered by some one near. And she was not deceived; that young and wounded soldier caught the well known strain, and in a faint yet melodious voice, repeated the burden. A scream of joy burst from her lips, and hurrying to the spot, she fell upon his bosom exclaiming with feeble utterance, "My William, he yet lives. Thank God, his Jeanette is happy!"

By degrees, as well as the wounded condition of the young man would admit of, he restored her to consciousness. Her first care was then to staunch the blood which yet trickled from his wound, and administer to him such restoratives as her basket afforded. Sweet and nappy were those moments; the pain of the soldier was forgotten in the embrace of the true-hearted woman, and her doubts and fears were relieved in finding her William yet living. Yes, there, on the field of battle, with the slain around them, and the groans of the wounded ringing in their ears, the young wife and husband luxuriated in the raptures of love. The gloom of despondency which had hung over them when he departed for the conflict, was dispelled, and the star of hope, burned brightly in the heaven of their hearts.

All that night did the fond wife busy herself in endeavoring to recruit the exhausted strength of her husband, and her efforts were crowned with success. He soon sank into a sound slumber, pillowed upon the breast of his virtuous helpmate, and when he awoke, the sun was bursting the portals of the orient, and he felt the stream of health once more bounding through his bosom.

"God be praised," he fervently ejaculated. "I have passed through the furnace; but come, my Jeanette, let us leave this scene of horror. The sight makes me sick at heart."

Three miles from the plains of Waterloo, in a little valley through which the same stream meanders, by which Jeanette had found her husband, stood a little rustic cottage, the abode of an humble, honest, kind-hearted couple. To them Jeanette was distantly related, and thither they directed their steps. It is hardly necessary to say they were received with all the hospitality and kindness their narrow circumstances afforded. For some months there they sojourned, 'till William had recovered considerably from his wounds, and he, with others, after peace was restored to bleeding France by the abdication of Napoleon, received his discharge from the army without one farthing of provision for his future days.

"They who had
Shed their blood for others' great renown,
Couched on the earth, to yield the lord his down,
Froze at the north, and burned beneath the zone,
To guard the honor of old England's throne."

The young couple had been only shortly allied before the period of our story, at Brussels, where William was residing in attendance upon the officer of his regiment, and where he happened to become acquainted with Jeanette. She was the daughter of a poor but honest widow, who, in the neighborhood of the city, occupied a small cottage, and by the labor of their hands, supported themselves in a comfortable and independent manner. The beautiful face and figure of Jeanette soon made a powerful impression upon the heart of the young man; and she felt that the handsome soldier of Britain was not indifferent to her. Their courtship was brief, and three months before the battle, their marriage had been only consummated.

Thus circumstanced—a stranger—a very enemy in a foreign land—with a young, fond, confiding wife, and without the slightest means of support, or gifted with any profession by which he could procure the common necessaries of life, it may be easily imagined that the heart of the young man became a prey to despondency; added to all, the mother of Jeanette, had died shortly after their marriage, and the little effects which belonged to her, had been sold, to pay the expenses of her last illness and funeral. The cottage had also been rented by another party, and thus William and his wife became the children of poverty.

Desperate and penniless, he resolved once more to seek the shores of England, to visit his wealthy father, to present to him his wife, and seek to be restored again to his favor. He doubted not but that the old man's heart would melt at the sight of the pretty Jeanette, his daughter-in-law, and that if he did not altogether make him his heir, he would, at least, supply him with means to live by, 'till such time as he could earn a subsistence by his own exertions. His intentions being imparted to Jeanette, together they bade farewell to the kind couple why had straitened themselves to afford them a shelter; and with his knapsack scantily filled with his own and his wife's clothing, a few francs in his pocket, a hoping heart, and Jeanette upon his arm, he took the high road to Brussels.

We will not follow them through their journey; suffice it to say, it was a tedious one. William was still weak from the effects of his wound, and his wife gave signs that she would soon become a mother. At length they reached the coast, where, through the kindness of some fishermen, they were placed upon the shores of England. By slow journeys they passed on to London. To poor Jeanette's eye, every thing appeared singularly strange. The pretty cottages embowered in their groves of plumb and apple blossom—whole plains of the luxuriant and graceful hop vine, extending as far as the eye could reach—the noble castles "of the princes of the land"—the substantial and comfortable dwellings of the Kentish yeomen—the antiquated villages, with their still more antiquated churches, overgrown with the dark green and never-fading ivy, some with their spires towering into the welkin, tipped with the golden fires of heaven, others with the plain turrets in which might be seen the dim and rusty dial plate of the horologe, which, for ages, had measured the flight of time—the heavy and lumbering wagon, with its team of stalwart horses, slowly rumbling over the firm and level road—the gay equipage of the great—the jovial post boy with his chaise and pair, flying like Mercury along—the royal mail, with its four dashing bloods, and its guard sending the blast of his bugle over hill, dale and plain—the halloo of the huntsman, and the bay of the beagle—the lark poised midway between heaven and earth, carolling his lay of love and joy—the rivers flashing in the sun, the yellow harvest bending in fullness over the fertile soil, all, all giving tokens of the beauties and bounties of a gracious Providence.

It was on an autumnal evening when our travellers came in sight of the British metropolis. The setting sun was gliding the spires, domes, towers and turrets with its beams—old father Thames was rolling along like a river of molten gold to the ocean, laden with the wealth of every kingdom—the distant hum of the city fell solemnly upon the ear, while over all hung the usual dense and murky exhalation.—William Kenton involuntarily stood still, for every object was associated with some reminiscence of his boyhood, and spoke as household gods in his bosom's sanctuary. The very wild flowers which pranked the turf, seemed to welcome him again to the land of his fathers, reminding him of those happy hours when the sunlight of innocence shed its halo around him, and the darkest clouds that obscured it, were the too early approach of the shadows of evening.

"Jeanette," he at length said, "behold the end of our journey. In that city resides my father, a rich but a miserly man whose heart is shut against me, because, like him, I would not sacrifice every principle and feeling to the accumulation of gold—for that, I was compelled to leave my home, to seek a living in the ranks of my country, and my reward has been neglect and poverty, yet I repine not, for it was the blessed chance that led me to thee. We must now try to win our way to his heart, and surely if the smile of innocence, and the words of virtue can effect it, thou wilt be successful."

The young wife could not reply, but only fell upon the bosom of her husbhnd while her feelings were loosened in a gush of tears. Wilham kissed them from her sunburt yet beauteous cheek, and continuing their route, in a short time they were in the streets of London.

Onward they went; street after street appearing and diminishing, but alas! nature could no longer support the unhappy Jeanette; the pangs of labor seized upon her, and sinking on the portico of a fashionable dwelling, the poor creature lay exhausted and insensible.

Reader, wert thou ever in that mighty Babylon where self reigns predominant, where the riches of nations are gathered together by the hands of the poor and the laborious, for the gratification of the proud where *wealth is paramount to talent*, where poverty is despised, and the supplication of wretchedness disregarded? hast thou ever stood there a stranger, in the midst of that ever busy throng, and found in not one face, a friend or friendly welcome? hast thou experienced that loneliness of heart which is so singularly felt in the crowded mart, and when, perhaps, prosperity has withdrawn her smiles from thee? If thou hast, then mayst thou judge of the pangs of William Kenton's bosom. And there he stood a stranger in the city of his birth, a disbanded soldier, than whom, in the eyes of his countrymen, (most singular,) there is not a more despised or neglected being, weeping over his suffering wife, and in vain, from the passers-by, soliciting their charitable assistance.

At length "a kind Samaritan" was arrested by the sufferings of Jeanette, and the earnest pleading of the husband so unlike the language of the common mendicant and impostor who at every quarter meet you. She enquired the cause, and finding that she was indeed an object of commiseration, although poor herself, she at once proffered her the shelter of her home, which, luckily was in the immediate neighborhood. Having procured a conveyance, Jeanette was taken to her residence, and ere the morning, she had given birth to a child.

Thus situated, the husband felt it his imperative duty to seek at once his father, and demand assistance if he would not willingly afford it to him. With a beating heart and trembling steps, he gained his parental dwelling. The street was still the same, narrow, dingy and dull; few changes had taken place among its inmates, yet so changed was William Kenton, that he was recognized by none. He reached the door from which he had many a time issued a bright eyed, rosy, laughing boy, and lastly when he went forth into the world with a proud and hoping heart, to win a name or perish, despising the sordid wishes and threats of his father. Alas! how fallacious are the visions of youth.

He raised the knocker with a trembling hand, and as it dropped against the door, the sound fell upon his heart like the knell of death. An old and withered woman responded to the call.

"Is Mr. Kenton at home?" falteringly inquired William.

The old woman starred with astonishment, and it was only on his repeating the question that she informed him that seven months before Mr. Kenton had died.

"Dead!" gasped William, catching hold of the doorway to prevent him from falling.

"Yes, young man, dead, and in his grave. Heaven rest his soul," mumbled the old woman.

"Amen!" ejaculated William. "And to whom was entrusted the settlement of his affairs?"

"To Mr. Dunraven, a good man, and a kind one, as I can testify."

"To whom?" shouted William, the recollection of the man at once flashing upon his mind, and who he had ever suspected of being mainly instrumental in turning against him the heart of his father.

"To Mr. Dunraven of Oxford street," repeated the woman terrified at his strange manner.

"Enough," said William, and turning from the door, at once pursued his way to the residence of Dunraven.

He soon reached the dwelling, and inquiring for Mr. Dunraven, was, with difficulty admitted to his presence, the servant being unfavorably impressed by his haggard appearance. He found "the man of riches" seated at breakfast in a handsome parlor, with every luxury of fashionable life surrounding him. He started at the sight of William in his old and decayed regimentals, and dropping the newspaper which he had been perusing, inquired of him his business.

"I am the son of the late Mr. Kenton," answered William, briefly, "and have called to make inquiry concerning his decease and effects."

Had the old man himself appeared before him, he could not have been more confounded. He sprang to his feet, but suddenly recollecting himself, coolly replied, "It was my sorrowful fate, sir, to pay to him in his last illness, those attentions which his son should have paid, and in gratitude for which, he bequeathed to me all his worldly effects."

"Liar!" shouted William. "He did not—could not—narrow as was his heart it still had a corner for his child. Show me the will, I command you."

Dunraven spoke not, but walking to the fireplace, rang the bell, and the servant entering, he desired him to "show *that man* to the door," pointing to William.

"When I have seen my father's will, and not 'till then, shall I depart from this dwelling," said William. "I feel conscious that he could not have acted so unfeelingly, and also convinced that by you, sir, foul play has been done me."

"By me, sir!" said Dunraven, assuming an air of offended dignity.

"Yes, sir, by you. I know you well; you have the tongue of an angel, but the heart of a devil. In my very boyhood, you were ever a blight to my happiness; my smallest fault was magnified by you to the greatest crime, and when, at last, I spurned the shackles of hypocrisy and avarice, which my weak parent, at your suggestion, wished to coil around me, you were the first to advise him to shut against me his paternal door. From that moment I have been a wanderer over the earth—have toiled, sought and *fought* for an existence, and now, when I return to ask his forgiveness, I find he is dead, and that you, sir, are his sole inheritor. Oh! sir, it is too much. It bears upon it the mark of absurdity; nay, I hesitate not to say of *imposition*; but let me behold the document; then, and not 'till then, will I believe that he has behaved so unnaturally."

"Do, sir, as I order you. Turn that ruffian out of doors."

"Let him dare to place a finger upon me," cried Kenton, furiously, "and he shall bite the floor on which he stands."—The servant moved not, and Dunraven becoming exasperated from the bold and determined bearing of William, advanced himself, and seizing him by the collar, endeavored to eject him from the apartment.

As quick as lightning did the young man free himself from his hold, and the next moment the man of "ill-gotten gain" lay sprawling upon the floor.

The noise alarmed the household, and in an instant was the apartment filled with domestics. Surmise and consternation seized on all of them. William, almost unconscious, passed from the apartment without opposition, and lost in his feelings, mechanically retraced his steps to the charitable abode where lay his wife and new born offspring.

By degrees Dunraven was restored to sensibility, yet so bewildered did he feel, that for some time he scarcely recollected the events which had transpired. At length they flashed fully upon him, and revenge rising superior to every other feeling, he gave command that the intruder and assaulter should be ferretted out by the minions of the law.

To those who are acquainted with the vigilant spirit of the London police, it is almost needless to say that Kenton was soon discovered, and Dunraven having sworn that the assault was coupled with an attempt at robbery, he was committed to await his trial at the next assizes.—Poor Jeanette and her infant, through the humanity of the kind woman who had afforded her shelter, as well as several of William's relations, who pitied their condition, and despised the memory of the mercenary Kenton, was comforted and supported while her husband lay in prison.

At length the time arrived. It was a dull and drizzly morning; a heavy gloom hung over the city, and the light which struggled through the grated window of the prisoner's cell, fell on his heart like the last rays of existence. At an early hour he was taken from the prison, and placed before his judges, stern, yet honest men, who listened attentively to the accusation against him. While the allegation referred only to the assault, Kenton remained indifferent, but when the crime of robbery was also adduced, sense seemed to forsake him, his heart swelled as if it would have burst his bosom, all pulsation ceased, sight forsook him, and but for the officer in attendance, he would have fallen upon the floor. Witness after witness was examined, all of whom substantiated the assault, Dunraven, alone, adding to his evidence the attempt at robbery.

One witness was only wanted to finish the evidence, and that one was to speak in favor of the character of the prisoner. He had been an old servant in the family of Kenton, and was discharged principally because he had been the friend of William, and opposed the harsh measures of the father to the son, as also, that he was noxious to the machinations of Duraven. This old man, by name Kenneth, was acquainted with every circumstance of the family, and although discharged, yet he fondly regarded the old house, not a creak, cranny, or stone of which but was to him familiar; and a certain portion of every day he spent in the neighborhood, looking at and wandering around it. At the funeral of Kenton he was present and could not but suspect on hearing of the will that foul dealing had been busy with it. After the house had been closed, old recollections tempted him to gain once more admittance. This was not difficult, and late one evening having effected an entrance, he wandered through the solitary and dirty apartments. In the chamber where the old man had died and which up to his last illness was never entered by any individual, save Dunraven, Kenneth seated himself—his eye wandered over every well known article, 'till at last it rested upon the bed in which the miser had breathed his last. His suspicion had been excited by having seen the old man frequently enter that apartment with large bundles of documents but which he never again brought out with him. There was no desk, escrutoire, or cabinet in it, and he naturally concluded there must be some secret closet in which he deposited them, yet now he saw no evidences of such a place. The walls were naked and not a mark betokening an aperture of any kind was visible. The little table and the few old skeleton chairs were still there, the bed alone presented an appearance of *substance*. It was of oak, solid, massive and richly carved; and apparently had belonged to some wealthy family in olden times. Closely and keenly did Kenneth scrutinize it—conjecture was busy in his brain—he approached it and gently upturned the mattress. Judge of his surprise when he beheld the bottom of the bed presenting the form of a box, with a lid in which was a key-hole. He struck his hand upon it, it sounded full and heavy, he essayed to open it but it resisted all effort. Looking more closely, he perceived beneath the key-hole a small piece of iron resembling the head of a large nail,—bright and smooth as if from frequent use, he pressed his finger upon it, and to his astonishment the lid was loosened from its catch. He threw it open and there to his wondering eyes lay piles of parchments and papers, bags of coin of every country and denomination; in short, every species of wealth which could be conveniently stowed away,—that bed had been the old man's altar—the god of his idolatry—the theme of his prayer—the spirit of his dreams—his heart—his bier!

For several minutes Kenneth stood irresolute and wondering. At length he ventured to decypher the inscriptions of the documents, and among them to his joy he read "The Will of Jonathan Kenton—1814." He opened it, and with a trembling heart and a strained eye found that it was in favor of his son, William, bequeathing to him the whole of his immense wealth, with the exception of a few legacies to be paid out of it to his nearest and poor relations. Old Kenneth wept for happiness. "Ah! my old master," he said to himself, "I knew that you had a narrow heart, but that you ever dearly loved your son.—Thank heaven, I have been made the instrument of this discovery, but I must not as yet make it known, I must let Dunraven for a while enjoy his ill-gotten wealth.

I must let him mount to the very pinnacle of his pride, so that his fall may be the greater. There—let me return the document to its place of concealment. The time is not far distant when the hypocrite and the villian shall be unmasked, and the heir restored to his rightful possession." Having returned the parchment to the bed and placed every thing exactly as he had found it, he left the apartment as he he had entered.

In this state for some months affairs continued, with the exception of the old female whom I have introduced to my reader, in her interview with young Kenton, and who had been placed in the house by Dunraven for its preservation, a circumstance which was of great advantage to old Kenneth, who failed not to ingratiate himself into her good graces, and every day under the pretence of a friendly visit saw and heard how matters were progressing.

But we must return to the court-house, where we left William at the bar, and the last witness about to give his evidence in his behalf. That witness, as we have made appear, was Kenneth.

He had been placed in the witness box, and calmly awaited the questions of the prosecuting counsel. William, at the appearance of his old friend burst into tears, and Kenneth could not refrain from also giving vent to his feelings; at length the advocate demanded:

"Do you know the prisoner now at the bar?"

"I do!" answered Kenneth.

"How long have you known him?"

"Since he was a babe in the arms of his mother."

"You know then that he was ever of a turbulent disposition, so much, that his father had to forbid him his home."

"I do not!"—indignantly answered Kenneth—"but I have reason to believe that his father s ear was poisoned against him by his accuser."

"This is neither the place nor the time, sir," said the counsel, "for such remarks."

"The only place," replied Kenneth, waxing more and more indignant—"when I see an honest man accused of the crime of theft by a hypocrite and *forger*."

The last word fell on the ear of Dunraven like a bolt of lightning—every muscle in his body was unstrung—his face grew ashy pale, and he could not bear to look upon the court, prisoner, or Kenneth, but let his eyes fall visionless upon the ground.

"Silence, sir," shouted the counsel—you are here to answer, not to traduce the character of the prosecutor."

"That is impossible!" said Kenneth, with an imperturable air of determination, "he is too black for any remark of mine to make him blacker."

At length the counsel finding that Kenneth was not to be intimidated, resorted to the *smarter in modo*.

"You never knew the prisoner, accused or guilty of any crime?" was the next interrogatory.

"Never!" was the reply.

"But you know that for some fault his father disinherited him."

"I do not."

"Have you not heard the testimony of the witnesses who have preceded you—and also seen the will whereby Mr. Dunraven was made the sole heir of Mr. Kenton's property, and his son, the prisoner at the bar, excluded from all right, title or interest whatever in the same?"

"I have certainly seen such a document purporting as much, but I know it to be a false one—I know also the contents to be a fabrication, and I hesitate not to say it is a bold and willful *forgery*, which I can substantiate by facts and by my oath in the presence of God and this assembled multitude."

All eyes were turned to the witness—who stood there with his white locks flowing over his shoulder, his fine old manly features glowing with the fire of virtuous indignation—his heart bold in the confidence of right, and his hand raised aloft as if appealing to the throne of God. A breathless silence reigned throughout the court. The prisoner started to his feet.—Dunraven endeavored to conceal his emotion by conversing with his counsel, but a volcano was raging in his heart, and he would have gladly returned the whole of his ill-acquired wealth could he at that moment have escaped from the glance of the court.

One of the judges now interrogated Kenneth—for it was plain from the earnest manner of the old man, that there was some secret of permanent importance to the case, yet to be revealed.

"You speak boldly witness—remember, that if what you have advanced, you cannot firmly substantiate, you will suffer punishment," said the judge.

"I am willing it shall be the punishment of death," replied Kenneth, "if I do not prove every particle of my assertion."

The counsel would here have interposed, but was overruled by the court, inasmuch that if a forgery could be proved having been committed by Dunraven, and which was injurious to the prisoner, it might be accepted of as palliating the greatness of the assault.

"You say," continued the judge "that the document which was this day produced in the court and which now lies before you, is *a bold and wilful forgery*."

"I do!" answered Kenneth.

"Produce the proofs then. Now is the time to benefit the prisoner."

"The proof—that is—the true document is not in my possession—but I can direct you to where, in a few minutes you can obtain it. Or, if it please you, send *me* in the custody of officers and I will lead them to the place—where lies the true and only will which Kenton ever made in his lifetime."

"Be it so!" answered the judge. "Conduct the witness to where he says—in the meantime let no one leave the court, we will suspend the proceedings 'till his return."

The dwelling of the deceased stood but a short way from the court-house, and the document was soon procured. A seal was placed upon the *bed escrutoire*, if it may be so designated, and an officer left in possession of the house while Kenneth and the others returned to court.

The true and false wills were compared and the real one proved. The very lawyer who had drawn out the *counterfeit* document happening to act for Dunraven in the present instance, being interrogated by the court, to save himself, acknowledged that he had been employed by Dunraven to frame such a document, but that he knew nothing more of it. The witnesses and the signature of Kenton having been obtained *he believed* by Mr. Dunraven himself. The two witnesses were soon ferreted out; their guilt and that of Dunraven made clear as the sunshine, and young Kenton was acquitted without the jury leaving the box.

Two months after this, a large crowd was assembled before the prison called the Old Bailey, and I among them to gratify a morbid curiosity of beholding a fellow creature suffer the last penalty of the law. The condemned was Dunraven, who had been tried for the crime of forgery, and found guilty. The prison clock tolled the hour of eight. The sheriff and officers of justice appeared upon the scaffold, the culprit pale, haggard and trembling ascended the drop—the noose was placed around his neck—the loathsome cap drawn over his features—the signal given and the unfortunate wretch hung writhing and quivering between heaven and earth—a victim of a *bloody code*, now, thank heaven, abolished.

William, with his lovely and faithful wife, is now living in happiness and affluence. Old Kenneth has not been neglected—the honest couple with whom Jeanette and William after the battle sojourned, have been bettered in their condition, and the good woman, who afforded them shelter and assistance in their hour of trial in London, needs no longer to fear the frowns of poverty. A young and beauteous offspring sport around Jeanette and William, while he ever blesses the happy hour when he wooed and won Jeanette, the peasant girl of Belgium.

Man.—We find the following rich morsel in one of Dow Jr's. "Short Patent Sermons:"

"Man looks upon life just as he does upon woman—there is no living with them, and he cannot live without them.—He will run after them, and rather than be held he will lose his coat tail and character—kisses them for love, and then kicks them for leading him into trouble. So with life; he partakes of its pleasures and then curses it for its pains; gathers boquets of bliss, and when their blossoms have faded, he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars; which is allowing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise when man was as green as a tobacco worm; and as unsuspicious as a tree toad in a thunder storm. He was told to increase and multiply, and so he accordingly increased his cares and curses, multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition, and I am one of them."

Curious.—Though not accustomed to deal in, or inclined to believe, the marvellous, we fully endorse the following "forerunner of some sign," which we find in one of our exchanges: "Take a string that will reach twice round the neck of a lady; let her hold the ends between her teeth; then, if the noose will slip over her head to the back of her neck, it is a certain sign that she is marrried, or———ought to be."

Now don't strangle yourselves, young ladies, in testing this truth.

There are many women here making shirts, not only for ten cents, but for *five*, and even for *four*. A woman with three children and a sick husband was discovered a few days since whose only resource was making shirts for four cents, and in "short shillings," 96 cents to the dollar!—After much exertion and delay, a paltry relief from starvation was obtained from a charitable society, the public authorities having promised but neglected to do any thing in the case!—*N. Y. Young America.*

Great Luck.—A prize of $100,000 in the Royal Lottery at Havana, has been drawn by *fifty negroes*, most of them slaves. They had joined to buy three whole tickets, and gave *one dollar each* for that purpose. One of those tickets was the number 3397, and on the morning of the 18th they found that each of them had won $2000—more than sufficient to buy their freedom, as their regular value is from $500 to $750.—*Springfield Gazette.*

Capt. Jones has been suspended from command of the revenue cutter Forward.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Dec. 24, 1846.

Read the following Liberal TERMS:

Single Copies $1,25 per annum, *in advance*—$1,75 if not paid in advance.

TO CLUBS we make the following Liberal Offers:—

5 Copies,	**$6 per Annum.**
10 "	**$10 "**
15 "	**$12 "**
20 "	**$15 "**

Any person procuring five responsible subscribers shall have the sixth gratis, as long as that number holds good.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

AGENTS.

The following are our duly authorized Agents. Business done with them is the same as though done at this office:—

S. B. Stebbins,	**Ludlow.**
S. F. Pepper,	**Ware.**
D. Russel,	**Dana.**

Agents Wanted!

Four or five *responsible* Young Men are wanted to obtain subscribers for "The Sentinel." Good encouragement given. Any responsible young man in any of the adjoining towns where our paper circulates, wishing to act as Agent in obtaining Subscribers in that town, by writing a line to us, or calling at this office, shall be well paid.

Lyceum.—We understand that it is proposed to establish a Lyceum in this Village,—for public discussions—Lectures and the mental improvement and culture of those who may desire to anticipate in its benefits. We would most heartily second the proposition, believing, as we do, that our citizens can invest no more profitable employment for their time, one evening in each week, than in devoting it to the purposes proposed. That a Lyceum can be sustained in our Village and by its citizens, is a problem admitting of no doubt—that it can be well sustained, conducted, and made interesting, is past all question. We hope to see one established, and that our citizens will interest themselves in supporting it; that they will endeavor not only to establish and support it, but that they will aid in giving it such a tone and character as will ensure for it permanency, and render it a source of pride, as it will be of benefit, to our Village. Towns around us have Institutes formed for the mutual benefit of the young *as well as of those more advanced in life.* These Institutions are furnished with circulating libraries, which tend to interest the younger member of the Institute, while the elder are not only interested in it, but obtain the highest gratification from the usual course of Lectures and debates.

We could hardly anticipate at the present season, the formation of such an Institute as some of our more privileged neighbors enjoy, unless, and it is too much too hope, that some of our wealthy citizens will endow it with a fund sufficient for a small library, which, together with the generosity of those less able, would render it adequate to the reading tastes and appetite of our population. But we do believe, that we may, this season, organize a Lyceum, the tendency of which will be to cultivate the *speaking and writing* abilities of our village;—that will enlighten the mind—chasten the tastes—elevate and promote the social character of our place.

The New England Health Insurance Company.—*Incorporated by the Legislature of Connecticut in May, 1846—with a Capital of* $200,000.—We would call the attention of our readers to the benefits afforded by this company, to insure against sickness. The principles of fire and marine Insurance is almost as old as civilization and commerce. Life insurance is of almost recent date, and we have not in our mind the establishment of a Health Insurance Company before this. Insurance against loss by fire is common—and against loss by the perils of the sea is as universal as commerce itself. If it is advantageous to insure against sickness to which all are liable, and which is more common. We have full confidence in the office and we think the principle must commend itself to every prudent individual. For further particulars and applications enquire of Thomas P. Green, of Warren, who is Agent for Warren, Brimfield and Palmer.

Saturday Evening Post.—Amongst the many weekly papers that flood the country, the Saturday Evening Post takes its rank among the first. Mr Patterson, determined to be excelled by none of his competitors, has offered the following liberal terms;—Single copies, $2 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance—For $5 in advance one copy will be sent 3 years. To Clubs he makes the following offers:—3 copies, $5 per annum, 8 copies $10, 12 copies $15, 17 copies $20. Any one wishing to see a specimen number by calling at this office, can do so.

Young ladies from a fashionable boarding school should never spell country with a k.

December 22d.—*Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims.*—The Rev. Mr. Lamb delivered a most eloquent address upon the Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim's, at McGilvray's Hall, on Tuesday evening. It is not our purpose to follow the Lecturer in his discourse, as we at the best, could only do him injustice should we make the attempt. But we may be permitted to advert to the occasion as one worthy of our profound veneration. The subject itselt is full of eloquence—it is a sublime contemplation to dwell upon the cause that led the Pilgrims to leave their native land for, to them, an unknown world. Had they been permitted to worship God in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences, we should never have listened to the story of their heroic virtues and Christian fortitude. It was the spirit of social, political and religious intolerance which drove them from their homes, to find an assylum upon the western coast of the Atlantic,—a wilderness unbroken, and where the voice of civilization had never been heard. But we may pass over the sufferings of the Pilgrims, and the sacrifices they made to their love of freedom and look at the result. The range of the Universe affords a no more sublime, ravishing subject for the mind's contemplation. A little more than two centuries since, New England was a desert wild, an unknown country—inhabited only by savages, tutored to the use of the tomahawk, the birch canoe, and domicilled alone by the bough of the hemlock and the clay-thatched wigwam. Such, in a word, is the outline of what New England *was*. Turn to what New England *is*; follow her career from the landing of the Pilgrims—down for a century and a half;—what was then the spirit of her enterprise and industry? Burke, the master-mind of the age in which he lived, answers, in a speech delivered by him the 22d of March, 1775, upon the subject of Conciliation with America, says:—

"And pray, Sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay, and Davis' Straights, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hard industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things; when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that through a wide and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt, and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty."

Such was the spirit of New England in '75; since then, we have thrown off all allegiance to the mother country—purchased our independence with blood—sex-trebled our population and our industry, till none, but such a mind as was Burke's, can define and describe what it is. Let the world look upon it, we cannot fathom it—it is the offspring of the virtues of our Pilgrim Fathers!

We learn from the Republican, that Isaac H. Wright's Company of Irish Volunteers has been filled up and mustered into the U. S. service. He is chosen Captain. This company will form No. 2 of the Massachusetts Regiment.

It is currently rumored in Washington, that Mr Wise, Minister to Brazil, is to return and be succeeded by Mr Hoge, Member of Congress from Illinois.

In New York, Tuesday, the flour market was inactive, but firmer than Monday. Genessee cannot be bought under $5,62-1-2.

Answer to the Enigma in our last is Abel W. Longley. Correctly answered by Mrs. L. H., P. R. W. and J. A. M., Palmer. Answer to the Riddle, is Kite. Answered by C. W. B.

For The Sentinel.

Half-Century Sermon.—On the 15th inst., I had the pleasure of listening to a half-century sermon preached by Rev. Ebenezer Burt at the Baptist Church in Hardwick, formerly occupied by the Baptist Church now worshiping in Ware Village.

Text—1 Cor. 2 chap. 1st and 5th verses. Subject—Paul's entrance into Corinth—1st—*Manner* of his entrance without invitation, without acquaintance, without Salary, labored with his own hands, in weakness, in fear, and in trembling. 2d—What he was determined to know among them—Christ, the crucified One. 3d—*Object* of his entrance, "that their faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

The following among many other interesting facts were told in the above discourse Mr. Burt preached his first sermon in Hardwick, Dec. 15th, 1796. On the 30th of June, 1798, he was ordained as an Evangelist, and for the want of a church, the services of ordination took place upon a large flat rock situated upon the summit of a neighboring eminence. The sabbath following for the want of room in the house, a stump was his pulpit and the heavens his sounding board. In 1801 the Baptist church in Hardwick was constituted and father Burt became their pastor and continued to sustain this relation till 1827 when he asked and received a dismission from the pastoral charge. After this he continued to preach whenever duty called, till 1840, when he was again invited to supply the desk of this church, which he did for about one year. Last spring the church left their old house of worship in Hardwick, for the purpose of commencing a new Interest in Ware Village. There were some in the vicinity of the old church for whom it was inconvenient to attend church elsewhere, to them Elder Burt has continued to preach since their removal.

In the history of the rise and progress of that church, presented by the preacher, it is evident that he has passed through many scenes of trial and of sorrow as well as of pleasure and of joy.

During the last fifty years of his Ministry, Mr. Burt has preached 4720 sermons, attended 321 funerals, baptised 200 persons and married 95 couple. Most of the parents of them living in the vicinity of that church, he married and attended their funerals. A whole generation has passed away during this time, and the venerable clergyman seems to be one of the few links that bind the past generation to the present.

Very few ministers have occupied one part upon Zion's hill a greater number of years, and very few that have seen their 80 winters evince more strength of body or of mind than were exhibited by their father in Israel. Viator.

Hardwick, Dec. 18, 1846.

Good.—At the time Maine belonged to Massachusetts, a member was returned to the Legislature from that District, whose appearance was remarkably rusty and shabby. His habilaments were so far below a mediocrity of respectability, that the doorkeeper doubted the validity of his claims. "You a member of the Legislature," he inquired. "Yes sir," was the reply—and presenting his credentials, they were found correct. And was there no one else in your town to send? interrogated the doorkeeper, as he more closely surveyed the candidate from head to foot.—"Why yes," said he, 'there was Squire ———, that had more larning than I have, but he had not so good clothes."

Do as You Agree.—Men who disregard their word, and only refuse to break it when it is for their interest, are unsafe friends and not to be trusted. We admire the character of those persons who will always fulfil their agreement, be the injury to themselves ever so great. You know just where to find them, and their work is as good as a written obligation. Forgetfulness is a poor excuse for the performance of contracts.

Life Insurance.—A policy for $5000 was handed to a person in Baltimore to execute, which he said he would do on the following Monday, but he was taken ill and in a few days died. It confirms the old adage, never postpone until to-morrow that which ought to be done to-day.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Saaturday Evening Post states that a strange superstition has given rise to a "petition to the Almighty from London, *that he would remove Satan from the earth*," which has received eighty thousand signatures.

In the Supreme Court of Maine, at Bangor, the Rev. Wm. S. Douglass has been convicted of the crime of incest with his daughter. A Bangor paper says, there are only two individuals in that jail for crime, and these are both ministers of the Gospel.

Vt. and Mass Railroad.—The Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad Corporation have advertised for proposals, for constructing their railroad from Athol to Northfield.

The pay of a volunteer for the Mexican war, is $7 per month. Cheap enough.

Later from Mexico.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 10th inst., has intelligence from the city of Mexico to the 17th of November, two weeks later than previous advices from the capital.

Attention was very much engrossed by the preparations for the meeting of the Congress, which has ere this assembled in the capital. About 40 deputies were in the city on the 17th ult. The government paper enumerates the "events of the war with the United States; the necessity of great resources to sustain it, and some *other points relative to the same important matter*," as the principal business to be brought beforre Congress. The passage italicised is supposed to have reference to the proffers to re-open negotiations, reported to have been twice tendered by our government.

Gen. Almonte continued in the War Department, and his numerous published orders evince much spirit and activity in relation to the service. Communications from the authorities of the several States, assure the central government that union and tranquility continue throughout their provinces.

Various proposition are made for investing Santa Anna with Dictatorial powers. The measure is urged in a memorial from San Luis. The advance of Gen. Taylor's division of the army toward San Luis, was expected early in November; and corresponding activity was evinced in completing the fortifications, and otherwise providing for the defence of the city. Senor Villamil has been appointed Minister of Finance.

The Picayune says:

We see nothing definite in relation to the army concentrated at San Louis; nor do we find any mention whatever of the dissensions which are reported by way of Tampico to exist in Santa Anna's ranks. But we find the following paragraph in general terms in regard to their troops:

Mexican Army.—From every part of the republic are arriving, to incorporate themselves with our army, bodies of troops of all arms, and we believe that within a few days we shall be able to see a considerable number of troops, which will serve for the defence of this city. In truth, also, the general-in-chief has directed that it be fortified with energy, and at this day the defensive works are in an advanced state in the town of Tascala, as an advanced point towards the north of this capital.

From the position of this paragraph in the Diario, we supposed it had reference to the city of San Luis: but from the context and the situation of Tlascala, it may possibly have reference to the defence of the city of Mexico itself from any invasion by the route of Vera Cruz. We know of but one town of Tlascala—once an important town within the limits of the territory of Puebla. Possibly there is some village of the same name north of San Louis, which would resolve our difficulty.

Married in Lebanon, N. Y., 26th ult. Charles Gardner, a member of the Senior Class of Williams College, to Laura Chamberlain of Williamstown. Some of the circumstances preceding this result are a little singular. By a sort of family understanding or agreement, an interchange of sisters was to be made by the brother of the above named lady on the one side, and a young gentleman friend on the other hand—the two marriages to take place on the coming New Year's day. But the lady had a will of her own—as ladies sometimes have—and as also sometimes happens, it was different from the will of her friends. She thought she could choose for herself and did so. An elopement followed with the above result. Since the *denouement*, the Senior Class held a meeting of congratulation with their happy fellow, and voted him a present of a *cradle*.—*Springfield Repub.*

Another Fire in Hadley.—About half past six o'clock last Thursday evening, a fire broke out in the large barn of Mr Chester Gaylord, within a few rods of his dwelling house, near Dr. Woodbridge's church, and was consumed with its contents, consisting of *eleven head of cattle*, four of which were valuable cows, 30 or 40 tons of hay, 190 bushels of rye, 70 or 80 bushels of oats, two or three tons of broom corn, farming implements, &c. Three horses and three head of cattle were saved. By the well-directed exertions of the citizens, Mr. Gaylord's dwelling and the Hotel buildings of Mr. Crain, were saved. The wind was blowing violently from the northeast and the roofs were covered with snow, or the damage must have been greater. How the fire was communicated is a mystery, no light having been in the barn that day. Loss from $1400 to $1800. Insured $200 at the Hampshire Mutual.—*Northampton Courier.*

Sunday Travel.—We are glad to perceive that the Railroad Companies have determined to discontinue their Sunday morning train between New York and Philadelphia, on and after the first of January, next.

J. Q. Adams.—We understand the Physicians of this gentleman declare that he is too ill to think of going to Wasoington this winter.

Christmas—To-morrow.

Condensed for the Northampton Democrat,

Congressional Proceedings.

MONDAY, Dec. 14.

In the Senate,

The newly chosen member from N. Carolina, Mr Badger, was qualified and took his seat.

Mr Crittenden presented the petition of Gen. Leslie Coombs, of Ky., for the payment by government of $65,000 of Texas bonds held by him.

Mr Benton offered a resolution instructing the Military Committee to inquire into the expediency of allowing three months extra pay to officers and soldiers, regulars and volunteers, and placing them on the same footing with the Navy in regard to prize money. Adopted.

Mr Crittenden's resolution instructing the Military Committee to increase the pay of soldiers, and grant certificates of merit and bravery when deserved, was, on motion of Mr Benton, modified so as to secure the object contemplated instead of instruct, and thus adopted.

In the House,

The changes in the Chairmen of the Standing Committees are: Mr. Jos. Vance of Ohio, Committee on Manufactures in place of J. Q. Adams; Jas. McDowell, Va. on on District of Columbia, in place of R. M. T. Hunter, and James Faran, on Public Buildings and Grounds, in place of Mr. Ficklin. The other changes are not important.

The death of Mr Felix McConnel was announced, customary resolutions passed and then adjourned.

TUESDAY, Dec. 15.

In the Senate,

A bill was introduced providing for the extension of the national road to Alton, Ill. and one to grant public lands to complete the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

In the House,

Mr. Davis' resolution calling on the President for copies of instructions to generals and commodores relative to governments in conquered territories was amended so as to *request* instead of *direct* the President to communicate his instructions &c., and thus adopted.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16.

In the Senate,

Mr. Ashley presented a bill for establishing the pre-emption land system.

Mr. Breese submitted a land graduation bill.

The Military committee were instructed to make inquiry concerning the expediency of full pay for the term of service of volunteers discharged by sickness.

In the House.

After an ineffectual attempt to suspend the rules in order to introduce a bill for the repeal of the tariff, the President's Message was discussed.

THURSDAY, Dec. 17.

In the Senate,

The consideration of the Message was resumed.

The Vice President was authorized to appoint a Select Committee on French spoliations.

Adjourned over to Monday.

In the House,

Rev. Mr. Sprole was elected chaplain.

A bill for the admission of Iowa into the Union was read twice.

FRIDAY, Dec. 18.

In the House,

Mr. Boyd reported a bill to increase the pay of the regulars and volunteers engaged in the Mexican war, $2 a month from the commencement of the war, and to grant 160 acres of land to all of both classes who serve through the war.

SATURDAY, Dec. 19.

In the House,

The day was spent in discussing private claims.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. — WRITING ON NEWSPAPERS.—The Postmaster General has issued a circular to deputy Postmasters, directing them to remove the wrappers from all transient newspapers, printed circulars, price currents, pamphlets, and magazines received at their respective offices, and if found to contain any manuscript or memorandum of any kind, either written or stamped, or any marks or signs except the name and address of the person to whom it is directed, shall be charged with letter postage, by weight, and if the person to whom it is directed shall refuse to pay such postage, the postmaster is to send it to the office from whence it came and have the offender prosecuted for the penalty of five dollars. The name of the sender written or stamped on the wrapper of a newspaper, subjects him to the same penalty.

THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.—Orders were received in Boston on Saturday from Washington, authorizing the mustering of the different companies of Massachusetts Volunteers into the service of the United States, as fast as they are completed and reported ready for service, without waiting for the full regiment.—Capt. Edward Webster's company is full, and is to be mustered into the service on Thursday. A letter in the N. Y. Tribune from Philadelphia, states that two or three companies will be taken from that city to fill up the Massachusetts regiment.

BELCHERTOWN.—The Ladies of Belchertown are to hold a Festival in the Town Hall on New Year's evening.

We are in the midst of fine sleighing—and to judge from the business done in this village, in the commercial line, the people are determined to make the best of it. Talking of sleighing—we would just say that Mr SMITH, (whose card will be found in another column) has got a tall article for sleighs, manufactured by experienced workmen. Any one in want of Carriages of any kind, will do well to give him a call.

We understand that Messrs. A. C. Billing and Wm. Dodge, have contracted to build the Meeting House for $4000.

Some of our correspondents must write a little plainer, or excuse us if we make a few mistakes.

The following letter from Rev. Henry Wood of Concord, N. H., editor of the Congregational Journal, a religious newspaper of a high character, speaks volumes in favor of the good qualities of Wistar's Balsam:

Concord, N. H., March 2, 1846.

Mr W. S. Fowle—Dear Sir: Two years ago the past winter, a sudden and violent attack upon my lungs by exposure to cord, confined me to my room and bed for several weeks: and when I recovered I was so much oppressed by difficulty in breathing, that I was incapable of rapid walking or violent exercise, and often was unable to sleep or rest upon a bed by night. The suffering was frequently extreme, and judging from the inefficacy of the remedies used, I supposed the disease incurable. Being persuaded to try a bottle of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, without the least confidence in it's efficacy or that of any other proscription, no one can fully understand my surprise and joy, when I found the difficulty almost entirely removed before one bottle was used up. Having a mortal aversion to medicine, and seldom using it in any form, nothing but sympathy with my fellow sufferers induces me to make this public statement, and recommend the article to others similarly afflicted.

With respect, your truly, HENRY WOOD.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson.

JUST PUBLISHED!

GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. Buchan, M. D. of London, England. With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the *Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs*—an outline of Dr. Buchan's *highly successful* method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his *new and powerful remedy*—and directions for *self-management and cure*, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experiment in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, "*a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice.*"

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co.; and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

The following persons of the highest respectability are a few more that have added their valuable testimony of the wonderful virtues of BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA & TOMATO BITTERS:

John Wilcox of New Bedford, cured of a dreadful humor of three years' standing, after taking all other preparations in vain; likewise his sister has used it with the happiest results for the same purpose.

George Bliss, Esq., of New Bedford, has used it for general debility, loss of appetite, &c.; by the use of two bottles was entirely cured.

Miss S. J. Smith of Charleston was cured of a dyspepsia by using it two weeks.

Mrs E. Williams has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia by using it two weeks.

Benj. Whitney of Lynn, cured of indigestion and dyspepsia by using two bottles.

In fact, the article needs no praise. It will always speak for itself; one trial is sufficient to satisfy any one of its superior merits over all other purifiers or alternatives.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson.

A lady who has suffered with a Lame Back for many years, entirely restored to health after using one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.

Mr G. E. Stanton, Mount Pleasant, March 31, 1845.—Sir—It is with sincere pleasure, that I am able to give my evidence in favor of your invaluable remedy. My wife has for many years been troubled with a severe pain in her back, everything that could be thought of was tried, but nothing seemed to have any effect upon her. Some weeks since, I bought a bottle of Hunt's Liniment, and have applied it thoroughly, and to my great joy, my wife is as well as ever she was. Yours, &c.,

ANDREW LEWIS.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

MARRIAGES.

In Brimfield, Dec. 2, at D. N. Green's Hotel, by Hon. Asa Lincoln, David A. Crouch Esq., to Miss Hannah Parker.

Hannah has *Crouch*-ed to David her dear,
To love and obey him forever;
Now it would appear most tarnation queer,
If ever they union should sever.

DEATHS.

In Springfield, on the 7th inst., Mrs Caroline, aged 34, wife of Mr Lester Day. At Westfield, a twin daughter of Eli G. Noble, aged two years.

Notice.

PALMER THIEF SOCIETY will meet at John Allen's Hall the first Monday in January, 1847, at 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of choosing officers for the year ensuing, and do any other business that may come before said meeting.

ELIAS TURNER, *Chairman.*

Palmer, Dec. 17, 1846. 50-2t.

Perfumery.

A rich assortment of Colognes, Hair Oils, Perfume Bags, Pungents, Tooth Powders, Toilet, and Shaving Soaps, &c. &c., For sale at A. BLODGETTS.

HEALTH! HEALTH!!

Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla

AND WILD CHERRY.

This extract of SARSAPARILLA and WILD CHERRY is a speedy remedy for Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, and all such diseases as take their rise in an impure state of the blood—impaired digestion—morbid state of the Stomach—weakness of the Nervous system, and a disordered and debilitated constitution.

Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters have already, by their substantial excellence, won a degree of public favor and patronage, which puts them beyond the need of recommendation.

In Dr Wood's standard preparation, Sarsaparilla is warranted to be found in great purity and strength, and gaining much by its union with the Wild Cherry, a tonic of the first order. This happy combination is the only one ever made of these articles, and founded as it is on the best medical principles, and their virtues extracted by a rigid chemical analysis, experience has shown its unusual power and efficacy. This preparation will be found on trial, to be a sure and speedy remedy for the diseases enumerated above. They purify the blood, secure regular digestion, promote a healthy action of the Liver and Stomach, and strengthen the nerves, at once securing

HEALTH AND VIGOR

to the whole system. In all cases of

DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS

arising from Indigestion or Nervous irritation, they have been used with remarkable success; nor are they less useful as a remedy for Headache, Flatulency, Loss of appetite, and a *general prostration of the system.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

READ THIS.

[From the Daily Evening Bulletin.]

It is not our custom to puff Patent Medicines unless we know them to be really excellent.—Having ourselves a knowledge of Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, and having several friends who have been benefitted by their use, we do not hesitate to recommend them to the public. Both Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry are articles of established reputation in the medical world and this preparation is made with great care, and appears to combine all the medicinal qualities of both in an unusual manner. Any one suffering from diseases of the blood, indigestion or Headache, would do well to give these bitters a trial.

[From the New Bedford Register.]

Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters.—The respectability of gentlemen in this town and vicinity, who testify to the benefits, within their personal knowledge, derived from the use of this compound of Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry, is such as to put at rest all doubts as to the value of these extracts to those suffering from Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Indigestion, Headache, or Scrofulous diseases.

[From the Boston Daily Times.]

Headache.—One of the best remedies that we have heard of for this distressing complaint, with its origin Indigestion, is Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, which combines all the advantages of the tonic and aperient medicines of the day, and is free from many of their disadvantages.

[From the Boston Daily Mail.]

A New and excellent remedy.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of a new and efficacious remedy, Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters. Although this fine preparation has only been offered for sale during the past year, it has already won the confidence of the public, as a most skilfully prepared, and delightful combination of two of the safest and most active remedial agents in the world.

[From the Plymouth Rock.]

Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters.—We do not make it a practice to give a good name to medicines, unless satisfied of their curative powers. But from all the evidence we can gather concerning Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, we are convinced that it will do all its proprietor assumes for it. Within our acquaintance are gentlemen who have derived much benefit from its use; and our advice to all persons afflicted with any of the complaints for which this compound is recommended, is to call on his agent, J. T. Hall, and procure a bottle.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Be particular and ask for Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, and receive no other.—This is the first preparation of Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry combined, ever offered to the public, and the great success attending its use has induced the unprincipled to counterfeit it. As a preventive, see that the bottles have the words Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters pressed on the glass, and as a further protection, each label on the bottle will be signed by the proprietor, E. Thornton, Jr. Take these precautions, and you will get the genuine article. ELISHA THORNTON Jr. Manufacturer and sole Proprietor, New Bedford, —where all orders must be directed.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.

Only Agent at Palmer Depot, D. F. McGILVRAY; Thorndike Village, H. G. Hale; Three Rivers, A. Brown: Ware Village, W. S. Brakenridge: and sold by agents throughout New England. 50-1y.hti&hto.

HENRY A. BROWN,

Blank Book Manufacturer,

AND GENERAL JOB

Book Binder,

Corner Main and State Sts.,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Public Offices, Railroad and Manufacturing Cos., Merchants and others, wishing superior Paper ruled and bound to pattern, or as ordered, we should be happy to have give us a trial. Sheet Music, Reprints, Periodicals, Pamphlets, &c., bound in every variety of style. Orders gratefully received, and perfect satisfaction guarantied. 48

John J. Hall,

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Palmer, and the adjoining towns, that he has opened a

NEW SHOE SHOP,

in Mechanic's Hall, where he will keep constantly on hand, a good supply of work manufactured from the best of materials, among which are—Gents' fine French, and American Calf Boots, made from the best of stock, and by the most experienced workmen. All orders promptly attended to, and repairing done at short notice.

N. B. I wish to be understood that I shall do a Cash business, and shall, therefore, keep no Book Accounts.

Palmer Depot. 48-3m.

To Let.

A DWELLING-HOUSE, Blacksmith Shop and tools, situated in the Southeast part of Palmer, on the road leading from Palmer to Brimfield, 3 miles from Palmer Depot, all in good repair.

For farther particulars enquire of

JOHN FENTON.

Palmer, Dec. 16, 1846. 49-tf

JOHN ANTHONY, JR.,

Fashionable Hair Dresser

AND BARBER.

TAKES this opportunity to announce to the inhabitants of Palmer Depot and vicinity, that he has opened a shop in McGilvray's Building, next door to Mechanics' Hall, where he will be happy to wait upon all those, who may favor him with their patronage.

N. B. In connection with the above, J. A. Jr. keeps constantly on hand Confectionary, Nuts, Fruit, &c. &c. 45tf

Palmer Depot, Nov. 10th, 1846.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY,

—CALLED—

HUNT'S LINIMENT,

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contraction of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attendeded the application of this most

WONDERFUL MEDICINE

In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named,—and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

From the New York Mirror.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent, and influential citizens of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent Medicine for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question.

Sing Sing, May 13, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character he gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Voris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.
Robert Wiltse, late agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson I. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Peck, agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Benjamin Moore,	Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp,	Pierre Van Cortlandt,
Stephen Marshall,	Abraham Miller,
John Strang,	Gilbert Mortis,
Philip G. Van'Wyck,	Edmund M. Blunt,
	Benjamin Washburn.

☞ The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—The letter is addressed to Mr Stanton:

Yorktown, June 18, 1845.

SIR,—Having cured me of a severe attack o Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the great properties which your External Remedy, Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a farmer. Your obedient serv't,

OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

This Liniment is sold at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, by all the Principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

Wholesale Agents in New York.

Hoadley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street; Rushton & Co., 140 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, corner Fulton and William; Aspinwall, 95 Williams street.

Orders addressed to me at Sing Sing, N. Y., will be attended to.

GEO. E. STANTON, *Proprietor.*

Sing-Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co, Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver-Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates:

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B.—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the Subscribers have been duly appointed Administrators of G. A Polk, late of Palmer, in the County of Hampden, deceased; and have taken upon ourselves that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. And all persons having demands upon the estate of the deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to us.

C. C. SHAW.
N. L. POLK.

Palmer, Dec. 1st, 1846. 49-3t.

THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guarantied!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder: Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent.* It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-8 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain and permanent.*

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all Inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guarantied.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions *a cure for life is guarantied.*

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co. and by dealers in medicine generally. 12

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or

VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an undue determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

New Arrangement!

THE subscriber has completed his store 1 which is 88 by 40 feet, and is filling the same with new and desirable Goods, which will constitute the largest stock of the kind in the county, consisting of Hard Ware, Iron and Steel, W. I Goods, Flour, Salt, Grain. Dry Goods in a great variety truly worthy the attention of all. Carpetings, Crockery, Glass and China Ware in first rate styles and unprecedented low prices. Feathers of all kinds, &c.

People from a distance coming to this place to trade, will not have it to say that my advertisement is larger than my stock. Please give me a call and you shall be well treated. All Goods not proving as represented as to quality and price, can be returned and the money refunded.

D. F. McGILVRAY

Depot Store.

To Builders

AND OTHERS!!

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call and learn prices and examine quality before purchasing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.

N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine, and Spruce Flooring, all ready for laying on hand.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

GOOD NEWS TO

Purchasers!!

AT PALMER DEPOT.

BEING aware that the readers of most of the newspapers at the present day, are called upon by merchants to notice particularly something they have to say about their MERCHANDIZE WARE-ROOMS, their great facilities for purchasing and selling goods, their very superior advantages over others in the same kind of business; and believing that the misrepresentations made by many have excited suspicions with the greater part of the candid members of the community, that all is not gold that shines, and that all is not true that is said; the subscriber wishes to inform the people of this section of the country of some things that may prove mutually beneficial, and I shall consider myself responsible for all assertions, so if they are untrue, I trust my customers and those who favor me with a call will report favorably, or adverse as the conclusion they may arrive at will dictate after an examination. I have just made an addition to my store of 48 feet in length, which makes the whole Block to be occupied for the Mercantile business 88 feet long, and the greater part of it 40 feet wide. The 1st apartment to be filled with

HARD-WARE,

Iron and Steel, Nails, Carpenters' Tools, Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dye Woods, Window Glass, and such other articles in this line of business as are usually wanted. The next will be devoted to the

W. I. GOODS,

Flour, Lime, Salt, Pork, Lard and Tea business. The 3d room contains probably as large if not the largest assortment, and as desirable a stock of European and Domestic Goods as ever offered in the county, consisting of nearly every thing in the way of

DRESS GOODS,

Cloakings, Shawls, Silks, White Goods, Laces, Muslins, Damask Goods, Prints, Patches, Tickings, Sheetings, Bleached & Brown; Burlaps, Hosiery, Hdkfs., Scarfs, Fringes, Satchels, Shoes, Umbrellas, and in connection are the small but important articles which the reader is aware are kept in an establishment like the present one. My extensive quantity of Cloths for Gentlemen, Boys' and Children's wear, is, as a matter of course, worthy the attention of all, as they have mostly been purchased at the depreciated prices and are extremely low,—among them are splendid over Contings, Tweeds, fine Eng., French and American Cloths, for Dress Coats, coarser grades for common wear, Satinets in great variety of styles and qualities, Vestings, Cassimeres, and trimmings to go with the cloths if desired.

Garments made to order in Style and with Despatch.

My CROCKERY,

CARPET

and Glass Ware addition to the before named Goods is truly attractive. The view and examination of which will undoubtedly satisfy the most incredulous that it is no fiction, to state I can sell beautiful

CHINA TEA SETTS,

with all things to match, together with all other Ware at as low a price as the same goods can be bought at retail, at any Crockery store in the Union.

Mirrors

in Gilt and Mahogany Frames, of a variety of sizes, at a small advance from manufacturers' prices. Glass Ware in any quantity desired, such as Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, in many shapes, Sauce and Cup Plates, Salts, Castors, Tumblers, Solar and common Lamps, Candelabras, Girondoles, Glass Candlesticks, Lanterns all sizes, and an assortment of Toys and Fancy articles. In the same room are CARPETINGS from the lowest to the best grades, which will be sold extremely low; Rugs of various sizes and prices; Wool & Cotton Bockings, Oil Cloths, Stair Carpets and Rods, &c. My stock of FEATHERS will suit all classes of purchasers, being made of best Live Geese down to common Hen's Feathers. In addition to the previously mentioned articles I keep, are the sensonably and desirable things wanted which would properly come under the head of MISCELLANEOUS,—Buff Robes, Fur Skins, Muffs, Winter Gloves, Boots, Shoes, Brogans, Hats, Caps, Horse Blankets, and many articles besides which can be understood easier than expressed.

I have in the foregoing given an idea of my establishment, and would now ask the *favor* of the purchasing community to call and examine and see if these things are so, and hope that our treatment in every respect to those who call will be perfectly satisfactory. I have thus far had many customers from quite a distance, and trust I shall have an increase for time to come, as my inducements at present are greater than previously, and I will assure that portion of my trade, that their most sanguine anticipations shall not be disappointed. I know that my situation in business is as favorable for my customers and myself, as any other person's. I will briefly give my reasons. In the 1st place I intend to purchase as low as possible, in large quantities. My means for getting Goods to my Store incurs as little expense as almost any Store from Boston to Albany. My assortment is as great as that of any store on the Western Railroad, if not in the county. My rents are very light compared with those in Springfield or Worcester, or any large place. My outgoes for Clerks for the business I do, is much less than those of concerns where they deal in but one kind of goods. And lastly, I do not intend to give over 3 months credit, making my business principally cash and exchange. To my former customers, I tender my thanks for past patronage and influence, and hope they will continue to favor me so long as I merit their favor.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Palmer, Depot Store.

POETRY.

For The Santinel.

To Mrs. A. B.

A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

The sun had set—bright twilight ray suffused
The west with fading glory, dim, yet pure;
The schemeing of man had ceased to fill
The air around with enterprising din,
And God alone was heard and deeply felt
In nature's breath on the evening air. 'Tis then,
In solitude, the wounded, fettered soul,
That's felt a pang of grief, must freedom find
In solemn thought on judgments past, on death,
The grave, and heaven. * * *
At such an hour as this,
A sister's lovely footsteps slowly sought
That hallowed spot, where cold and low in death
Reposed a lovely brother's mouldering dust.
Within that sacred place where waits the dead,
She came 'with quivering breath and throbbing' brow,
She knelt beside that grave, and silently communed
With that dear brother's spirit. Ah! it was
Solemn scene to see one full of health
And beauty, leave the joyous haunts
Of life to seek sweet converse with the dead—
To draw away the mind from life's vain things,
Its cold realities, and look beyond
Into the dim and distant mysteries,
Across Life's dark stream. The grave! The grave!
Oh 'tis the place for thought. Long lingered she
Beside that hallowed spot. A brother slept
Beneath that green grown sod. A brother! oh
What joys are linked to that beloved name,
And holy affection. Aye indeed,
She lingered there—it was a sweet delight,
And again she saw him with the flush of health
Upon his cheek—his soul enwreathed in smiles—
His every act pure love personified.
She saw that pale, high forehead, when disease
Frst marked him for its own. E'en then his look
Of calm and holy piety disclosed
A heart whose substance all was love—Again
She saw that palid lip and feverish brain, and heard
Anew his parting prayer to God, to guide,
Protect and take at last his sister dear—
Again she saw his spirit pass away,
Like to the morning cloud and early dawn,
To its mysterious abiding place.
'Twas then the tide of feeling swept o'er her,
And long she wept—she rose with melted heart—
Again she gazed upon that lowly grave,
And slowly left the place, that brother's self
Enshrined within her heart—pure then she saw
In elevated lineaments portrayed the grave,
The beauty, glory of his character, and vowed
She'd be like him in life, the pure, the just,
The kind, the good something to which the heart
May nobly, fondly cling—like him in death
And like him in life the crowned of God.

NEMO.

Ware, Dec. 3, 1846.

The Pen and the Press.

Copied for the Sentinel from a work entitled "Hours with the Muses," by JOHN C. PRINCE. Ashton under Lyne, England.

Young Genius walk'd out by the mountains and streams,
Entranced by the power of his own pleasant dreams,
Till the silent, the wayward, the wandering, thing,
Found a plume that had fallen from a passing bird's wing.
Exulting and proud like a boy at his play
He bore the new prize to his dwelling away,
He gazed for awhile on its beauties; and then
He cut it, and shaped it, and called it a Pen.

But its magical use he discovered not yet,
Till he dipped its bright lips in a fountain of jet,
And Oh, what a glorious thing it became,
For it spoke to the world, in a language of flame.
While its master wrote on, like a being inspired,
Till the hearts of the millions were melt'd and fir'd.
It came as a boon and a blessing to men,
The peaceful, the pure, the victorious Pen.

Young Genius went forth on his rambles once more
The vast sunless caverns of earth to explore,
He searched the rude rock, and with rapture he found
A substance unknown, which he brought from the ground.
He fused it with fire and rejoiced in the change,
As he moulded the ore into characters strange,
Till his thoughts and his efforts were crowned with success,
For an engine uprose and he called it a Press.

The Pen and the Press—blest alliance—combined,
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind;
For that to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
And this sent them forth to the ends of the earth;
Their battles for truth were triumphant indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapt like a reed,
They were made to exalt us—to teach us to bless
These invincible brothers—the Pen and the Press,

Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1 3 7 8 11, is a girls name.
My 4 5 6, is a small insect.
My 14 11 2 is a thing that fishermen use.
My 5 9 6 11, is a small letter.
My 10 9 6, is a small hut.
My 12 3 11, is a malt liquor.
My whole is a very large body of water.

Riddle.

In every hedge my *second* is,
As well as every tree;
And when poor school-boys act amiss,
It often is their fee.

My *first*, most strange! is always wicked,
Yet ne'er committed sin;
My *total* for my first is flitted,
Compos'd of brass or tin.

Conundrums.

What snuff-taker is that, whose box gets the fuller the more snuff he takes?
Where did the witch of Endor live?
Why is a soldier in battle like idleness?

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lying.

BY DOW, JR.

My hearers—as for "speaking lies," you have the failing in a greater or less degree. There isn't a man, woman or child living but have lied in their hearts—and they each know it. Yes, and they will a good many times more ere they lie in their graves. Almost as soon as you pop into the world, you stray about with ready fabricated falsehoods in your mouths—all they want is a finishing touch to answer any sudden purpose. You make use of lies because they help you to turn the sharp corners of pecuniary, legal, social and other worldly difficulties. They appear to be man's small amunition, furnished by the devil—bullet catridges that often do considerable execution where the blank charges of truth but gives an ineffectual flash. Some of you tell a bold, straight lie—as straight as a ramrod, and black as the arch Inventor himself—and stick to it like a bear to her cub. Others wrap up a thumping falsehood in a disfigured, faded remnant of truth. They are cowards—they have the heart to lie, but lack the courage to do it openly, and what I call honestly. Look out for such—they are the most venemous of all lying reptiles. Now, you are all given to lying, and you know it. Whether statesman, politician, lawyer, preacher or ploughman, you will, at times, bury the truth beneath the foul rubbish of falsehood—sometimes deeper than others. You may call it a fib an equivocation, a jest, and what you like, a lie is a lie give it as respectable a cognomen as you please. You will tell untruths, because it is in the nature of all flesh, since the old serpent first lied to man, and man lied to the Lord. Nevertheless, if you try hard enough, you may succeed in making the truth answer. It will stand a poor chance at first—be unheeded, despised, contemned—but when it once comes to be known you can ride with it to glory, amid the huzzas of an admiring multitude.

Bad Company.

The associations young men are apt to form in large and growing cities, result in disgraceful and melancholy ends. Bad company is the pest of society, and while it ruins thousands, it likewise brings pain and misery to many a fond and affectionate parent. Young men who are easily weaned from their once-loved homes, must lack firmness of mind and cannot be well acquainted with the deceits of the world; would they but listen to the voice of experience, and be more willing to obey the wishes of their fathers, bitter remorse would be a stranger indeed to their abode—and joy and comfort would reign in its stead. It is surprising how soon young men become infatuated with the doings and sayings of persons of a doubtful character, knowing, as they do, that such beings are never respected where good morals predominate; and nothing is more painful to behold than a youth boldly entering the haunts of crime, fearing no one, and ridiculing the admonitions of a virtuous friend; inevitable ruin is his reward, an early grave his portion. To the hardened and depraved, whose years have been but wasted time, are the mass of young men indebted for their reckless acts and to their own stubborn will are they in a measure also to be censured. Let friendly advice and plain spoken truth always command respect and attention, for it is food that nourisheth the body and saves many a soul from ruin and disgrace.—*National Press.*

Evening.

There are two periods in the life of man in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—youth and old age. In youth we love its mellow moonlight its million stars, its soothing shade and sweet serenity. Amid these scenes we commune with those we love, and twine the wreath of friendship, while there are none to witness but the gorgeous heaven, and the spirits that hold their endless Sabbath there. We look abroad on creation, spread in the slumber of a moonlight scene around, and wrapped in contemplation, fancy we see and hear the waved wings and melting songs of other and purer worlds. It accords with the light flow of youthful spirits, the fervency of fancy, and the soft feelings of the heart. Evening is also delightful to virtuous old age. It affords hours of undisturbed thought. It seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of a busy life, serene and mild, with the impress of its great Creator enstamped upon it. It spreads its quiet wings over the grave and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

Beautiful Comparison.

In an imaginary conversation between Petrarch and Boccaccio, from the pen of Walter Landor, there is the following passage:—

"The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensible are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity to life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows."

Friends.

"Ah! how sweet it is to gaze upon the face
Long seen but by the mind, to fondly trace
Each look and smile again."—DANA.

It is the good fortune of most persons, in this world, to meet with some warm hearted friends as they journey along down the declivities of life's weary road. There's scarce one but now and then finds a congenial spirit—a friend in whom he can confide all the secrets of his soul.—Such persons must ever become strongly attached to each other. There will be a kind of knitting together of interests and affections. Their very souls seem melted into one by the furnace of their love.—But God has stamped the impress of mutability "upon all things here below."—Nothing has permanence and stability.—Each scene is constantly shifting and changing. We cannot repose implicit confidence in any thing earthly. And among the changes that are constantly going on, nothing is more common than that friends should be separated from each other. Their interests call them to different spheres and different occupations, and different stations in life. But after they have been separated a long time—

——"How sweet it is to gaze upon the face,
Long seen but by the mind, to fondly trace
Each look and smile again."
—*Manchester Messenger.*

Humble Life.

There is happiness in humble life—who can doubt it? The man who owns but a few acres of land and raises an abundance to supply the necessary wants of his family—can ask for no more. If he is satisfied with his condition—and there are thousands so situated who are—no man is more happy. No political movement disturbs his repose—no speculative man chases the calm serenity from his mind—no schisms in the Church throw shadows beneath his golden sky. His family is the world to him; his little lot all his care.—Who sighs not for such a life of calmness and serenity? Amid the cares and anxieties of business, who would not exchange his prospects and his honors for the repose of him who is contented and happy on his spot of ground, far from the noise and bustle, princely luxury and squalid poverty, of city life? If there is a situation congenial to the true spirit of man and the growth of virtue, it is amid the rejoicings of nature—in the calm retirement of rural life.

"TO ERR IS HUMAN."—A clergyman having indulged himself too freely in filling up his glass too often, went one Sabbath into the pulpit, and having given out a hymn to his congregation, sat down; the melody of the sacred song soon lulled him to play a treble bass symphony with his nose. At length one of the deacons ascended to the sacred desk, and told him the hymn was out. "Well," says he, "fill it up again!"

The above circumstance happened years ago. Now-a-days the congregation do the sleeping—and a good portion of the "filling up."

AGRICULTURAL.

Management of Poultry.

HENS.—1st. Provide a warm, dry shelter for winter.

2d. Feed with oats, soaked 12 hours in warm water before feeding.

3d. Burn clam shells and pound fine; let them have as many as they can eat, and you may have eggs from January to December.

From 30 hens I have gathered this year 3,522 eggs by the 10th of September, and raised 200 chickens.

I manage my chickens by feeding oats and rye ground, two bushels of oats to one rye. Keep them in a warm shelter a night.

N. B. To prevent the pip or gapes, change the male every year, and your chickens will be healthy.

TURKEYS.—1st. Feed the same as hens and let them hatch their young ones any time after the 20th of May.

2d. Feed the young ones with oats and rye ground, wet with milk curd, and occasionally sprinkle a little powdered clam shell lime with the feed; if cold and wet weather, sprinkle a little black pepper with their food.

3d. Make warm and dry shelters to brood in nights, and keep them from the wet and dew until the sun shines warm.

4th. Feed but little the first 24 hours after they are hatched. By this management I can raise 9 out of 10.

Be sure and change the tom turkey every year.

RAISING GOSLINGS.—1st. Have them hatch as early as the first of May, if possible. Make dry, warm places for their nests.

2d. Feed the young goslings with corn meal; put one teaspoonful of salt in a dint of meal, wet the feed with milk.

3d. Let them have access to water in pleasant weather.

4th. Keep them at night in a warm dry shelter.

By this management I can raise 49 out of 50.

DUCKS.—Feed ducks the same as goslings. In this way I have raised fifty two young ones from two old ducks in one year.

SARAH DAKIN.

A GOOD REASON.—"Why have women no beards?" inquired one gentleman of another, at the Menagerie exhibited in this place a few days ago. "Because they can't keep their mouths still long enough to be shaved," was the pertinent reply.

DR. TAYLOR'S
BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver-Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.
H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 275 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B.—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

Sash & Blind
SHOP, AT PALMER DEPOT!!

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Palmer and vicinity, that he will furnish Sash and Blinds of all kinds, made of

Pine, Cherry, Black Walnut,

and MAHOGANY, at short notice, if not on hand.

N. B.—*All orders sent by mail or left with Mr* William C. Childs, at the Depot, will be strictly attended to, and warranted to be made as well as they can be made at any other shop in the County, and at prices as low.

Please call and examine our work before purchasing elsewhere and satisfy yourselves.

N. W. PRIME.

Palmer Depot, Nov. 4, 1846. 43-8t

PHILO L. SMITH,
CARRIAGE MAKER.
Light Wagons and Carriages,

OF the latest and most fashionable patterns, made to order at the shortest notice and on *reasonable terms*. Warranted of the best quality in every respect.

Also, Painting, Trimming and Repairing of every variety, done with neatness and despatch.

Those who wish to purchase or order carriages, are respectfully invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 13, 1846. 40

NEW GOODS!

A LARGE and splendid assortment of Fall and Winter Dress Goods, to be found at the

NEW YORK CHEAP STORE,

on the *north side* of the railroad, at prices that cannot fail to suit the purchaser. All who are in want will do well to call before buying.

Also, a large lot of Boots and Shoes—the cheapest in town. 42tf CHARLES SMITH.

$1.500.

WANTED to obtain a loan of fifteen hundred dollars, payable in equal sums from one to seven or ten years, or the whole amount payable in seven years. The gentleman wishing the money is of industrious, temperate habits; and will furnish ample security on unincumbered Real Estate, eligibly located in the eastern part of the County, and of the estimated value of considerable more than twice the amount of the desired loan.

For further particulars enquire of C. TORREY.

Palmer Depot, Nov. 19, 1846. tf

JOHN ANTHONY, JR.,
Fashionable Hair Dresser
AND BARBER.

TAKES this opportunity to announce to the inhabitants of Palmer Depot and vicinity, that he has opened a shop in McGilvray's Building, next door to Mechanics' Hall, where he will be happy to wait upon all those, who may favor him with their patronage.

N. B. In connection with the above, J. A. Jr. keeps constantly on hand Confectionary, Nuts, Fruit, &c., &c. 45tf

Palmer Depot, Nov. 19th, 1846.

To Builders
AND OTHERS!!

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call and learn prices and examine quality before purchasing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.

N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine, and Spruce Flooring, all ready for laying on hand.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL persons visiting this place are particularly invited to call and see my splendid stock of Goods, which is made of from the smallest and less important article to the largest and most desirable article, which is kept for sale in almost any establishment. Goods warranted to be what they are represented. D. F. McGILVRAY.

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.
Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Boodsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; *Andrews & Merrick*, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 2t

New Arrangement!

THE subscriber has completed his store which is 88 by 40 feet, and is filling the same with new and desirable Goods, which will constitute the largest stock of the kind in the county, consisting of Hard Ware, Iron and Steel, W. I Goods, Flour, Salt, Grain. Dry Goods in a great variety truly worthy the attention of all. Carpetings, Crockery, Glass and China Ware in first rate styles and unprecedented low prices. Feathers of all kinds, &c.

People from a distance coming to this place to trade, will not have it to say that my advertisement is larger than my stock. Please give me a call and you shall be well treated. All Goods not proving as represented as to quality and price, can be returned and the money refunded.

D. F. McGILVRAY

Depot Store.

Public Notice.

THE subscriber will pay at his Store in Goods at *cash prices*, twenty dollars per thousand for Walnut and White Oak Hoop Poles, 14 feet long, large enough for two hoops. The poles to be delivered at the Hoop Factory near the Depot.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 23, 1846. 38-3m

N. H. Down's
Vegetable Balsamic Elixir,

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Oysters.

THE subscriber has made arrangements for a constant supply of fresh Oysters, forwarded daily from New Haven by railroad express, which he will sell in quantities to suit customers at the lowest prices.

Tavern keepers, and persons buying to sell again, supplied on liberal terms.

Orders from abroad will be promptly attended to, and the *Goods* forwarded at short notice.

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 15, 1846.

DR. A. G. WHITE,
—OFFERS HIS SERVICES AS—
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

To the citizens of Palmer and vicinity.

(Office—at Three Rivers, near the Post Office.)

Palmer, (Three Rivers,) Oct. 25, 1846. 42

J. D. BARBER,
Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

Watches.

BRING on those WATCHES and have them put in good repair. Remember that for the few cents you will pay for the work you will receive a hundred per cent. in consequence of having a good timekeeper. Remember also, that *time* is money, therefore do not delay. Shop nearly opposite the Bank.

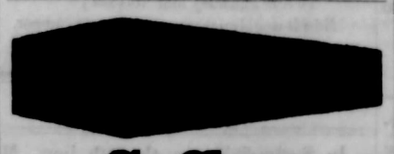
L. BABCOCK.

Ware Village, Oct. 20, 1846. 41-2m

A. BLODGETT,
Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,
North side of the Railroad,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefullyrepaired and warranted.



Coffins.

THE undersigned since his commencement of business in this village, has frequently been under the necessity of working by night and upon the Sabbath, in order to make coffins, and to have them ready in due season for those who were intending to remove their deceased friends to their family or other burying grounds. He would therefore announce to the inhabitants of Palmer and vicinity, that he is now making and will keep constantly on hand a good supply of ready made coffins, of all sizes and descriptions, such as Cherry, Whitewood, Mahogany, &c., for the convenience of all those who may need. LEBBEUS C. SMITH.

Thorndike village, Oct. 20, 1846. 41

Iron & Steel,

AND a general assortment of Hard Ware is now for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

THE PILES!
A Cure for Life Guarantied!
DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder: Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent*. It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-8 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain* and *permanent*.

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all Inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guarantied.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine*; *no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions *a cure for life is guarantied*.

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 1y

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.
Triumphant success of
Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life
The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 11-1y

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

Removal!

THE subscriber has removed to more spacious rooms in McGILVRAY'S BLOCK, where he will continue to manufacture Gents'

GARMENTS

of all descriptions, in the latest and most becoming styles.

In returning my sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage which has been bestowed on me, since my commencement in this village, I would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

J. D. BARBER.

Palmer Depot, Nov. 4, 1846. 43

Snuff & Tobacco,

OF the best quality for sale at the depot store, by McGILVRAY.